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The "Hope," Caught in the Ice.

A SUMMER VOYAGE TO GREENLAND.

By Arthur Malcolm Dodge.

IN the spring of 1896, Lieutenant Peary organized his sixth expedition to Arctic regions and invited Professor Burton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to join him with a party of six for scientific research in any part of Greenland he might choose to be landed. It was my good fortune to be accepted as a member of this Boston party. Lieutenant Peary had chartered the steam whaler *Hope*, of St. John's, Newfoundland, a sister ship of the *Windward*, that brought Nansen home last fall, the two largest and best ships in the fleet. He had her again in 1897, commanded by the same man, Capt. John Bartlett, an able officer of many years' experience in Arctic seas, and a most thorough gentleman, who added greatly to our pleasure and comfort.

Our party left Boston on the 11th of July, going by boat to Halifax, and thence by train to Sydney, Cape Breton Island, where we met the other members of the expedition. There were a party of six from Cornell University, under Professor Tarr; Albert Operti, a New York artist; Mr. Figgins, a taxidermist from Washington; Mr. George Bartlett from McGill University, Montreal; Messrs. Hoppin, Sutherland, and Hollifield from Cape Breton, and last, but most important, Lieut. Robert E. Peary, U.S.N., and his two personal aides, Hugh Lee and Matt. Henson, who were with him for two years in the far north.

Lieutenant Peary in Arctic Costume.

Our own Boston party, as we were called, was made up of Prof. Alfred E. Burton, in charge, Prof. George H. Barton, and Mr. Russell W. Porter, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Mr. John C. Phillips from the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge; Mr. George R. Putnam, of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey; and the writer.

The *Hope* met us here, and taking our supplies and intruments on board, we made our start on the 16th of July, under sail and steam. Our course lay across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Straits of Belle Isle, and then up the long bleak coast of Labrador. On the second day out we saw our first icebergs, and the sight brought us all on deck, and used up our adjectives so soon, that when later we saw the bergs near their birthplaces, we could only repeat ourselves or simply say "Oh!!" with no words to express our admiration. All sizes, all shapes, and I had almost said all colors. A fair sized berg would measure one hundred and fifty feet high, and perhaps five hundred long and broad. When you remember that eight ninths of the bulk of ice is under water you may begin to realize the vastness of the glacier from which such pieces could break.

At Turnavik, a small fishing station on the coast of Labrador, north of Hamilton Inlet, we made a stop of a few hours to make observations and leave our last letters for home, as the Canadian Government mail steamer was to call later. Then on again up the coast, and now we were continually in the midst of floe ice, and one of the ship's officers was kept in the cross trees of the foremast to pilot us through the ice. Many times it seemed from the deck as though we could go no farther, but the man aloft would "smell out" some distant "lead," as a channel through the ice is called, and the good old *Hope* would back off a short distance and then ram her way toward the open water.

After rounding the northern end

of Labrador one morning some one shouted, "A Bear!" We all scambled for our rifles and got on deck, when a Polar bear with two cubs was seen on the ice floe. She looked, and then came toward us, evidently wondering what we could be. As she approached, swimming from ice-pan to ice-pan, Lieutenant Peary cautioned us not to fire too soon and not to shoot the cubs. The bear fever must be as bad as the buck fever, for more than a dozen shots failed to more than wound her, when Peary put a finishing shot into the base of her brain. Then came the race for the cubs. On foot over the ice-pans, and in boats to head them off, nearly the entire party spent an hour in eager pursuit. Numbers won, and we soon had the pair on deck, and, as we thought, securely tied. But as the men were busy caging one, the other worked loose and come on the quarter deck, which as soon as he was noticed he had to himself. We all had business elsewhere. Bruin took a look about and then jumped on some casks, preparatory to a leap over the rail, when the hero of the occasion sprang on him and held him long enough for new ropes to secure the prize, and, to anticipate my story, we brought them home alive, and they are now on exhibition in this country.

Turnavik—Labrador Fishing Station.

The next day we reached Big Savage island in Hudson straits, where a few of us were landed for two or three days and spent our time in making observations and taking photographs, and doing some shooting, as eider ducks were very thick. Deer were seen, but the country being entirely treeless and open, we were unable to get at them.

When again on board, the ship heading out of the straits, as we were sailing along about ten miles off shore, we heard a shrill cry and soon saw an Eskimo coming off to us in a kyak or small canoe of skins, made to hold only one. Captain Bartlett stopped the ship and took him on board, boat and all; soon others came, followed by a large skin boat called an umiak, with twenty-seven men, women, and children, not to count numberless dogs. We set up a brisk trade with them in furs and ivory toys, and they told those of the party, who knew a little of the Eskimo language, that this was the first ship they had seen in four years. Years before these same people had seen Peary, and when he came on deck they burst out with, "Chimo! Peely!" ("Welcome, Peary") and eagerly crowded around him. He talked with them some time, gave them some crackers and coffee, and then a boat load of our people went ashore to see their village. It was composed of three small skin tupics or tents,

made of raw hides, and every soul had come off to the ship, not even leaving their dogs behind, as they would have eaten the tents up. Nothing that can be chewed is safe from the dogs.

After leaving these people, the first Eskimos we had seen, we kept on our way for Greenland. On July 29, we crossed the Arctic circle, and here as at the equator, Neptune visits the ships crossing and demands his dues —and in default shaves those who have never crossed. The old sea god boarded us over the bow, and with an old tar bucket and whitewash brush, proceeded with his shaving, the razor being made from an iron barrel hoop. Most of us preferred to pay our footing in another manner, and he welcomed us to his northern sea.

Umanak Fjord and Icebergs.

On August 2, we reached Godhavn, the Danish capital of North Greenland, situated on the Island of Disko, and were warmly greeted by the inspector and governor and their families. We paid them formal calls, after coming to anchor and saluting with flags and cannon; and wines, coffee, and cakes were served by Eskimo women servants in native dress. Here Lieutenant Peary presented his papers to the inspector with permission from the Danish government for us to land. This had to be obtained through the United States government before leaving, and is an especial courtesy, as Greenland is a Danish colony, and no one is allowed to land without a permit from the home authorities. Lieutenant Peary's papers made things smooth, and the inspector gave us a letter to the governor of Umanak, where the Boston party was to stop.

After a day and night, or, rather, twenty-four hours here, as there was no night, we steamed on up the Weigat or passage between Disko island and the mainland, and for 150 miles we had a most glorious sight. A passage about nine miles wide, mountains varying from 2,000 to 6,000 feet high rising abruptly from either shore, and the sea filled with a stately procession of massive icebergs in white, blue, green, and often the whole scene tinted with the peculiar yellow of the midnight sun, made a picture never to be forgotten. Occasionally some berg would break in pieces or roll over and the report was like a discharge of heavy siege guns in the perfectly still and clear atmosphere. For twenty-four hours I could scarcely tear myself from the deck, only going below for meals.

We reached Umanak Fjord on the morning of August 5, and as soon as

the formal salutes and calls had been made, we landed our stores, and the *Hope* proceeded on her way still to the north. Governor Knuhtsen at once had a house placed at our disposal, and both he and his charming wife were unceasing in their kindness to us during our entire stay in Umanak, which was our head-quarters during our five weeks' stay ashore. From here we made various boat journeys to the head of the Fjord, visiting mainly the glaciers, for the purpose of studying their movements and various conditions. From these glaciers are broken off the icebergs, and it is a wonderful sight to see one break off. The commotion in the water is so great that waves many feet in height travel for miles up and down the fjords. Our Eskimos could not be induced to take us in boats within less than five miles of the glacier front, and after we had witnessed one of these waves, we could easily realize why.

Game was not abundant in this part of Greenland, but somehow the Eskimos were able to bring us venison, although we were unable to shoot any ourselves. But birds were on every hand, and here seemed to be the home of the Burgomaster gull, a large, white bird called by the natives, uiak, and esteemed by them as a delicacy, although, of course, not equal to the seal or puissé, as they call them. These seals are not the fur bearing kind, but have short, stiff hair instead, and are really the main support of the Eskimo. Their skins furnish them clothes, the blubber heat, light, and food, and the meat is food also.

Our longest boat journey from Umanak was about sixty miles up the fjord of the same name to the Karajak glaciers, the larger one being five miles across the front. We had two boats of our own, a whale boat and a jolly boat, which we named the Ahnighits in honor of Lieutenant Peary's little daughter. We took the small one, but Governor Knuhtsen advised us to take an umiak or large native boat, instead of the whale boat, as it was lighter, and the crew of Eskimos we were to have were more used to it. This was a boat made of skins, and when loaded only drew about ten inches of water. Our crew was composed of a chief,

Front (or end) of Stivdliarsut Glacier, where Icebergs break off.

who steered, three men and two women at the oars, and a kyaker, or man who went in his own canoe and caught seals to furnish food for the crew. The women rowed as well as the men and looked after our fur clothes and boots, drying and softening them whenever they became water soaked.

After reaching the glaciers some of the party devoted themselves to studying them, while Mr. Phillips and the writer took the small boat with one man to help row, and the kyaker, and went off on a week of hunting and fishing. About thirty miles away we came to a small river where, the men said, were salmon, and with much eagerness got out our rods and flies and began. Not a "rise" rewarded us, and in spite of the most tempting flies not a salmon showed himself. The Eskimos meanwhile got out a light gill net, and when we returned to our camp at the mouth of the river they had secured several beauties, and they tasted as good as they looked. Next day we tried for deer, but were only rewarded by finding fresh traces, but did not get in sight of any. There is no cover of any kind, and, the deer being the same color as the mossy rocks, it is almost impossible for any one but natives to reach them.

On our return to the main camp we found those of our party who had gone to the Inland ice returned after having got in about twenty miles. The Inland ice covers the entire continent of Greenland, except a strip along the shore varying from two to five miles. This strip is really a coast line of mountains from 2,000 to 6,000 feet high, acting as a shore to the ocean of ice covering the country. Wherever a valley breaks through this chain a glacier comes from the Inland ice as does a river from a lake.

On the Great Karajak Glacier.

A few miles back from the edges the ice is fairly smooth and covered with a fine snow which drifts about with the varying winds, as does the sand of a desert.

Where the glaciers press out into the valleys, however, the surface becomes rough and broken, and, in places, impassable, from the cracking and pressure it receives in forcing itself along the more confined space. Our party got in about twenty miles, as I said, when they came to a river running on the ice at right angles to their course, and as they were unable to cross, returned to camp.

On our return trip to Umanak a sharp piece of ice caught under our skin boat and tore a hole three or four inches long, and I expected to be obliged to climb on an iceberg to keep from a watery grave. One of the Eskimo, however, coolly put his moccasined foot over the hole and stood on it until we reached the village we were headed for. Here they unloaded, lifted the boat out of the water, and after it had dried sufficiently, the women sewed on a fresh patch and the boat was as good as new.

We spent about five weeks in various trips making the later journeys in our whale boat, as new ice was forming and the danger of making more serious holes in the skin boat was too great. In all our boating the natives were always on the lookout for seals, and often the cry of "Puissé," as they term them, was excitedly raised. Ludwig, our kyaker, occasionally shot one, and there was always rejoicing among the crew. One day the professor shot one from the boat, and when the Eskimos picked it up and found that the bullet had entered the seal's eye, their admiration knew no bounds. When the professor saw his markmanship established at so high a mark, he laid his rifle aside and did not shoot again during our stay in Greenland.

Danish Trader with his Native Wife and Children, showing Dress of Eskimo Women.

We returned to Umanak from our

Ikerasak—Eskimo Village and an Umiak.

last trip late at night on the 8th of September, expecting to see the *Hope* on the 10th. But as we were eating breakfast on the 9th, the Eskimos were heard shouting, "Umiasuit piotut!" ("The fog ship") and an hour later the *Hope* steamed into the snug little harbor. We hurriedly packed up, made our farewell calls, and got away on our homeward voyage the same night. It was with great regret that we left our Greenland friends, who, by their many little kindnesses, had added so much to the pleasure of our stay.

The Eskimos, or Irmit as they call themselves, are a sturdy race, rather undersized, dark skinned, but the darkness is, partially, at least, dirt, with, as a rule, fine teeth and hair. Most of the women do their hair in a kind of top knot standing erect above their heads and bound by a ribbon. They draw the hair so tightly that the older women are very apt to be bald around the edges, but not on the top of the head. They are a pleasant-natured people and never seem to get enraged, the nearest approach being a sulkiness when things do not go to please them, reminding one of children in this respect. The Danes have established schools, and almost all the natives read and write fairly well, and they are nominally Christians, having a church in almost all the villages with the native schoolmasters acting as ministers. The Danish pastor at Umanak has the oversight of the churches and schools in that district, and holds his appointment from King Christian of Denmark.

Our seal catcher, Ludwig, was an especially bright fellow, and he acted as my teacher in the Eskimo language. I soon found that "Sunana?" meant "What is it?" and so when I wished to know the name of anything I would say "Sunana" and point at the object. He would give its name slowly, and after I repeated it correctly he would show his full set of teeth and say "Ajungiluk" (or "Good") and then ask me what I called it in American. So we each picked up many words of the other's language. One day I wished to tell

him we would break camp the second day after. I knew "Akrago" meant to-morrow, so said "Akrago-akrago," he was puzzled a moment, then laughed, and his expressive "Ajungiluk" ("Good") came out.

After leaving Umanak we called at Godhavn, and, making our last purchases of souvenirs, etc., we left the Greenland coast and struck across Davis straits for Cumberland sound. Our first night out we went into the worst storm of the voyage, and everything not securely fastened was thrown helter-skelter. On deck, the cook's galley traveled to leeward against the bulwarks, a whale boat was carried away, and numberless skeletons of walrus, bears, and white whales were scattered in every direction. The storm, fortunately for our comfort, lasted only a day, and the next day we were fastened into the ice floe of the Arctic current. Here we were held three days only a few miles from shore, but so dense was the ice packed that some of the party made their way to shore and back.

Finally, the wind and currents opening the way, we worked our way out and crossed Cumberland sound to Black Lead island. Here is a whaling station, and it was here that in the old days the whaling ships would winter. Near by is an old cemetery with rudely carved head-boards, which told many sad tales. One told of twenty-seven men dying of scurvy on one ship, and a new one was being put up by the captain of the station in memory of Captain Clisby of Nantucket, who lost his life two weeks before, by a boat upsetting in a squall. He was in charge of another station a hundred miles away, and had come on a visit to his friends here. We brought home his mate, Mr. Jensen, who returned last summer with Lieutenant Peary. Mr. Jensen had a thrilling experience four years ago getting lost on the ice for five days with nothing to eat or drink. His feet were so badly frozen as to necessitate the removal of his toes, and this had to be done with a razor and saw made from a clock spring, as there was no surgeon nearer than Newfoundland.

After a couple of days spent here in making observations and "prospecting" a mica mine, we again started on our way south. From now on our chief interest lay in reaching home on time, and the captain was continually being consulted as to our chances. As we had broken part of the blades of our propeller we made slower progress than on the way north, but in this as in the rest of our trip we were favored, and got on finely. We made no stop on the Labrador coast, and reached Sydney on September 26, in time to miss the train out, so spent Sunday there. This time we made use of in getting hair cuts and shaves, and a general return to civilization.

As I write this the *Hope* is again leaving for the Arctic with Lieutenant Perry on his trip of preparation for his North Pole expedition, and I am bemoaning my misfortune in not being of the party. I will close this little sketch of my Arctic experience with the prophecy that the North pole is reached within five years, and that Lieutenant Peary is the man who will have the honor of hoisting Old Glory over the spot from which every direction is south.

Coquette Sweet Peas, in a Red Brown Vase.

THE NEW SWEET-PEAS.

By Clarence Moores Weed.

A Beautiful Sweet-Pea—Aurora.

IN the history of the sweet pea, the years 1896 and 1897 will be marked as banner seasons. In 1896, the lovers of this beautiful flower were able to grow for the first time nearly a dozen admirable varieties of sweet-peas, while during the last season a still more remarkable set has been introduced. In its evolution, the plant has made most phenomenal progress during the last three or four years. I desire here to supplement the study of sweet-peas, published in the GRANITE MONTHLY, in July and August, 1897, with a further account of the new varieties, as cultivated in my garden last season. The accompanying photographs will help to show the characters of the blossoms, although, of course, the charm of color has been lost.

The sweet-peas were grown in a good loamy garden soil.

A New Type—Red Riding Hood.

THE FORMS OF THE BLOSSOMS.

In a recent bulletin of the Cornell University Experiment station, "A Second Account of Sweet-Peas" is published. It will interest every lover of the flower into whose hands it comes, as it contains an excellent discussion of the modern varieties. Concerning the forms of the blossoms, Mr. A. P. Wyman writes:

"The various forms which the sweet-pea assumes easily fall into four classes. One class is the large flower which bends and curls its standard forward into a hood,

Maid of Honor Sweet Peas, in Yellow Idzuma Vase

like the Countess of Radnor. Another large flower, as Gaiety, spreads itself out into a broad, round, expanded form, but without a stiff effect. Still another bends or reflexes the sides of its banner backward in a manner not so pleasing, and if the substance is poor, in a manner which is almost ugly, as in Fairy Queen. Last, there is the stiff, erect blossom, the smallest type, from which all the varieties have sprung, as Carmen Sylva. In connection with this expansion and hooded character and reflection, must be considered the shape of the base of the standard.

In the last or old natural form, and to a greater or less extent in the reflexed, the base is wedge-shaped. In such case, the banner cannot help falling backward, because there is no structure to pull it forward into place. In the expanded and hooded forms, the base is different. Here it is not only straight horizontally or truncate, but in the hooded form is drawn down, giving an ear-like or auriculate shape. This explains the characters of the two expanded and hooded classes. The broad truncate base is stiff and pulls the edge of the blossom forward tightly into place, or if it is auriculate, it is still stronger, and curls the edge still farther forward into a hood. There are two other variations which cannot be classified and which occur in the poorer forms only, as a rule. These are the occurrence of a notch at the top, or really the emphasis of a minute notch already there, as in Emily Henderson, or else a notch or sinus at either or both sides of the standard, as in the case of the Butterfly.

"Three sizes are commonly accepted and will be found accompanying the classification above. The small, as in Captain Clarke, is that of the old natural form. The medium size is the one usually found in the reflexed form, like the Boreatton. While the large size of Senator and Dorothy Tennant is that of the expanded and hooded classes."

THE NEW VARIETIES.

In many respects the Coquette sweet-pea stands at the head of the list of varieties, and represents the greatest advance yet made in the evolution of the plant. It seems to me to average considerably larger in size than any other sort; it is of the

best form, having the standard perfect in shape, and the wings broad and nearly horizontal; the substance is most excellent. Practically, all the blossoms are of the same type. The color is very delicate; the standard is white, with a faint flush of pink, more pronounced toward the top, while the wings are of a dainty, creamy tint. In the buds and opening blossoms the color of both wings and standard is more pronounced than in the fully expanded flowers.

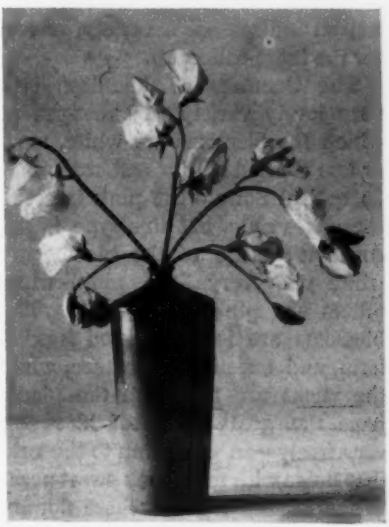
The plants are strong and vigorous, bearing the flowers with great freedom. The blossom stems are remarkably long and stiff, rendering them especially desirable for use in vases. This is nearly the ideal sweet-pea.

The Maid of Honor sweet-pea was developed from the Butterfly by careful selection. It has the peculiar charm of coloring of the Lottie Eckford type, with the mauve tinting especially concentrated in a line along the borders of the petals, from which it gradually shades to the white of the main portion of the petals. The standard is frequently divided into two petals, and also often shows the notch midway along the margin on each side: this will probably be eliminated, however, by further selection. The wings vary considerably in the manner in which their edges are folded; in a large proportion of blossoms the upper part is rolled down transversely, while in others the margins are of the normal, vertical, or oblique form. This is a charming sweet-pea, with the good-sized flowers borne freely on the plants. It will readily take the place of the Butterfly in the hearts of most lovers of the flower.

During the last year or two there has been considerable complaint that the Countess of Radnor sweet-pea was losing its lavender hue for a more reddish one. An attempt to restore the variety to its original color appears to have been successful in the New Countess, which is a beautiful blossom.

Mr. Hutchins tells us this is "the result of the most careful selection and development from a single plant and of strict adherence to the true type." I should select seed of this instead of the usual Countess of Radnor seed.

The Countess of Shrewsbury sweet-pea is one of Mr. Eckford's 1897 introductions. The standard is a very delicate rose-pink, while the wings are clear white, sometimes slightly suffused with a faint pink. In the fully expanded blooms the standard is reflexed, the upper portion of the sides being rolled obliquely back-



Countess of Shrewsbury Sweet-Peas.

ward in many older blossoms. The flowers are of medium size, or somewhat larger; an unusual proportion of stems bear four blossoms each. This is a dainty sweet-pea, but it is

Aurora Sweet-Peas.

not an indispensable variety, except for the large collection.

The Countess of Aberdeen is a very lovely variety of sweet-pea in which the blossoms are white, more or less flushed with a soft rose-pink. In typical flowers the pink is along the edges only, but this type is not constant; some of the blooms are white with very little pink, while others are pink throughout. The blossoms are large, of good hooded form, and excellent substance, while the stems are long and the plants have the great merit of blooming very freely—an exception to the rule that holds with most pink sweet-peas. When massed together these flowers give a very charming color effect.

The color of the blossoms of the Prima Donna sweet-pea is a beautiful soft rose-pink. The size is considerably above the medium; the substance is good; and the form of an excellent hooded type. Mr. Hutchins says this is "the grandest light blush pink that Mr. Eckford has put out." It seems to me one of the best of the pinks, although judging from the few plants I had this season, it is not very prolific in bloom. The plants are vigorous, however, and the flower stems are of good length.

Little Dorritt is a dainty sweet-pea, similar to Blanche Ferry, but blossoming much later. The standard is a delicate carmine-tinted pink, and the wings are white. The standard is expanded; the angle between the standard and the wings is not a wide one. My test of this variety was not very satisfactory, but judging from it the plant does not seem to be as yet well acclimated. The flower stems are short, while the blossoms are of medium size and good texture.

The Aurora sweet-pea was pronounced by Mr. Hutchins the leading novelty for 1897. It has probably justified this judgment, for it has elicited much admiration from all lovers of the flower who have been so fortunate as to grow it. It has the best qualities of its race; profusion of bloom, vigor of plant, length of flower stem, excellence of form and substance, largeness of size and attractiveness of color. It is a seedling of the Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain sweet-pea; the coloring is more striking in the Aurora than in the parent plant. The ground color is white, with stripes and pencillings

of bright peach-blossom pink profusely marking it. The flowers mass very prettily and combine with white to excellent advantage. Aurora easily ranks first among the pink and white striped varieties.

Two other pink varieties were introduced during the year. I was unable to make a satisfactory study of either of them, and in order to make this account more complete I quote descriptions from Mr. Hutchins: "The Lovely sweet-pea," he says, "is a soft, shaded shell-pink. Although adding one more light pink to the list, it is distinct and will be greatly admired. Its size and form are of high quality." Royal Rose is described as "a great advance on Apple Blossom, being of warmer shading and larger size."

Mr. Eckford describes the color of the Mikado sweet-pea as "deep orange-cerise ground, striped white." The deeper color is marked off by the veins and veinlets, while the lighter color, more often a pale rose-pink than white, marks the area between the veinlets. The deeper color is a tone difficult to describe; I am tempted to call it a deep, bright rose-pink, but this does not quite do it justice. It is much the same red as is seen in Ovid. The flower is medium to large in size, of good hooded form and fair substance. The plants bloom freely.

Captivation is a good sized sweet-pea of the violet-red group. In color tone the standard is very near to solferino, while the wings are rose-purple. Or, in other terms, the standard is violet-red and the wings are red-violet. The standard is of the expanded form, and the wings are oblique. The substance is fair to good, while the size is somewhat above medium, and the plant blossoms very freely. In color, Captivation is very similar to Waverly, the former being somewhat lighter.

The Creole sweet-pea is said to be a chance seedling from the Lemon Queen, which variety it resembles in form, having the same expanded standard, and a wide angle between the standard and wings. The substance is fair to good, the size medium, and the stems none too long. In color, the "standard is a light, pinkish lavender, and the wings pure lavender." There is a tendency to a

Captivation Sweet-Peas

pencilling of the color, which is more pronounced as the flowers grow older. I judge that this is not likely to become a very popular sweet-pea.

The Mars is doubtless the finest crimson sweet-pea yet produced. It is a decided advance in size over its predecessors, and is excellent in form. The color is crimson with the veins showing distinctly deeper than the rest of the petal tissue. This variety

Mars Sweet-Peas, in Makuzu Vase.

was introduced by Mr. Eckford in 1897, its very appropriate name having been suggested by Mr. Hutchins.

Burpee's Brilliant is a crimson-scarlet variety "of good substance and size, inclining to a hooded form, growing three blossoms on the stem." It is probably the best sweet-pea of the color now available; and will be very likely to take the place of the popular Firefly. For a somewhat deeper red the Mars appears to be the best sort yet introduced.

NEW TYPES OF FLOWER STRUCTURE.

The Red Riding Hood represents a new and distinct type of sweet-pea, the flower having much the shape of a snap-dragon blossom. This is caused by the mal-formation of the standard, which is formed like a hood, and encloses the upper part of the wings. The flower is deep rose-pink in color, much lighter at the base.

This variety is of interest as a novelty and as an aberration from the normal type. But it has little artistic value and does not deserve to be grown for decorative uses. It impresses one as a deformed flower, and has, in part, the ugliness of deformity. The plant blooms very freely and frequently produces four flowers upon a single stem.

The Golden Gate sweet-pea represents another deviation from the usual type. Each wing is rolled vertically instead of having the normal over-lapping form. The plants are very vigorous and four flowers are commonly borne on a single stem. The color is a rather indefinite pink, and the flower as a whole does not appeal to one as having much artistic value.

THE PASSING OF THE TRENCH SYSTEM.

For years, the general custom in planting sweet-peas has been to adopt the trench system, by means of which the seeds were planted several inches deep. There has been also more and more complaint regarding the blight which killed the vines, and thus

brought desolation to the heart of the lover of these gentle flowers. The Rev. W. S. Hutchins has heretofore advocated the trench system, but in his admirable booklet, "Sweet-Peas Up-to-Date," he makes this announcement,—

"We must abandon the trench method of planting sweet-peas. The trench method was used to secure deep planting, and the substitute for deep planting is firming the soil. Since the trench method apparently causes the blight, we must stop it. Sweet-peas do best in a heavy soil, and you can get very nearly the same effect, if your soil is light, by firming it. Plant, if possible, in your vegetable garden, where the soil has been deepened and enriched in past seasons. And if, where your row comes, it has been newly spaded, tread it down considerably before planting. This treading will hollow out the place for your row about right—and it will thus collect moisture, and by its compactness will hold it. In this hollow, scratch the lines for your seed one inch deep, covering it only one inch, and firm the ground above the seed. When the seeds come up, do not fill in any earth about them, at least for six weeks. Every time you hoe, firm the ground compactly about them, and don't let moles loosen it up. Vines that come up in the well-trod path do not have the blight. This method applies to light soil in which the blight is troublesome. In the case of heavy soil, it settles soon of itself, and the surface of it must, of course, be kept from baking. In either case, after the buds begin to appear, put on a light mulching to shade the ground."

There has been a good deal of evidence accumulating of late to show that we should choose a new location each year for the sweet-peas. Much better results are thus obtained than when the plants are grown in the same soil for successive seasons.

A SELECTION OF VARIETIES.

It adds greatly to the interest of growing sweet-peas to know the varieties by name. To do this each sort should be separate in the row, although pleasing effects are frequently obtained by mixing two or three distinct varieties. Were I asked to name a select list in which each important color should be represented I should choose the following varieties:

COLOR AND VARIETIES.

White—Blanch Burpee, Emily Henderson.
White flushed with pink—Coquette, Eliza Eckford.
Primrose—Mrs. Eckford.
Lavender—New Countess, Maid of Honor, Lottie Eckford.
Lavender stripe or purple stripe—Gray Friar, Juanita.
Violet red—Waverly, Dorothy Tennant.
Pink stripe—Aurora, Ramona.
Orange pink—Meteor, Lady Penzance.
Pink and white—Blanche Ferry.
Rose pink—Her Majesty.
Maroon—Boreatton.
Red—Mars, Brilliant.
Red stripe—America.

Of course no two people are likely to agree on all varieties in such a list. I am in most doubt regarding the rose pinks. There are so many varieties of this color, and so many of them are poor in substance or in blooming quality that it is difficult to decide upon the one which in general will be most satisfactory.

FRED LEWIS PATTEE.

By William S. Harris.

GOOD old Puritan stock running back to early Colonial times, boyhood amid the inspiring scenes and healthful surroundings of our Granite hills, early training in virtue and industry, opportunities of the best culture that our New England schools can give, and contact with the greatest minds of the world through the medium of the printed page,—these things are the common heritage of multitudes of our youth; ambition to utilize these favoring conditions is the secret of the success of some who have made a name and place for themselves that the world honors.

Fred Lewis Pattee.

In the busy manufacturing village of Bristol, N. H., the subject of this sketch was born on March 22, 1863, the oldest child of Lewis F. and Mary (Ingalls) Pattee. When he was a few years old his parents removed to a farm a mile and a half out of the village, on the heights of South Alexandria, whence one looks down upon Bristol village, beautiful in the distance and encircled with hills.

To have been brought up on this spot with its pure air and far-reaching views is almost enough to make one a poet and to give one a noble character. And when we add that rambles of a few miles in different directions bring one to grand old Cardigan with its bold cliffs towering against the sunset sky to the mountain-girt and isle-studded Newfound lake, one of the choicest gems of our northland, and to "the winding ways of Pemigewasset" as it dashes through its narrow valley, the wonder is that any one with such inspiring surroundings can be sordid or even practical.

But day-dreams and aspirations must be worked out in the stern realities of life, and for a boy to be thrown largely on his own resources

often develops a strength of character that otherwise would remain latent. Young Pattee having gone through the district schools and attended the Bristol High school winters, at fifteen entered the printing office of R. W. Musgrove in Bristol as "devil," walking one and a half miles to build the office fires in the morning, and receiving during the first year the sum of fifty cents a day for his labors.

He remained there three years and then, determining to have an education, he entered New Hampton Institution to fit for college, and was there graduated in 1884. The next four years he spent at Dartmouth college, teaching schools in New Hampshire and Maine winters, and working summers in the hay-field or in hotels as waiter. He graduated in 1888, with the degree A. B., receiving his A. M. in course, three years later.

From boyhood his bent was towards journalism and literature. Besides his three years' experience in the printing office at Bristol, he had been while at New Hampton editor-in-chief of the school publication, *Hamptonia*, in college, an editor of the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly*, and upon graduation was class poet. So it was not strange that he at first decided to follow journalism as his profession; he secured a place on the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, but on advice of his teacher in literature at Dartmouth, Prof. Charles F. Richardson, gave it up to devote himself to teaching.

He spent the next year as principal of the schools of Eatontown, N. J., and the year following held a similar position in Mendon, Mass., and in the fall of 1890 came back to his native state to assume the principalship of Coe's Northwood academy. Here he spent four prosperous and happy years building up the school, sending out thirty-two graduates, and when he left for a wider sphere, leaving behind him many firm friends, not only in Northwood, but in all the surrounding region. That he is a true teacher is evidenced by his ability to secure the esteem and love of his pupils and to inspire them with something of his own enthusiasm in study. Many can instruct, but to inspire is vastly more difficult and more desirable.

In the fall of 1894, he became professor of English and rhetoric in the State College of Pennsylvania, one of the largest and most prosperous state institutions in the East, where he remains at the present time in charge of the department, having the aid of an able assistant, Prof. H. K. Munroe, A. M., and where his special talents in the line of literature and language have full scope for exercise. He is making for himself a name as teacher not less brilliant than his fame as a writer of poetry and of literary history and criticism.

The first poem he ever wrote, "The Solitary Pine," was published in the GRANITE MONTHLY of April, 1883, and this magazine has since contained many of the choicest productions of his pen. Others have been contributed to the *Youth's Companion*, Boston *Journal*, Springfield *Republican*, and other periodicals.

Professor Pattee's first publication in book form was a monograph on "Literature in the Public Schools," published in Cincinnati in 1891, followed, two years later, by "The Wine

of May, and Other Lyrics," a collection of miscellaneous poems, many of which reveal a deep love of nature, especially in its wild and sombre forms.

" I sit and muse on that enchanted land
Far up the Allequash by Chamberlain,
Amid the hemlocks and the sighing pines,
And oft I long to breathe its balsamed air,
To walk amid its pathless solitudes,
To float all day upon its nameless lakes,
And camp beside its beaver-haunted streams."

Some of its shorter poems and sonnets, such as "The Picket's Song," "Indian Pipe," "July," "September," and "To a Robin," are gems.

Professor Pattee's love of nature and power of description make his "Pasquaney," published in 1893, as charming as the writings of Thoreau or Burroughs. Pasquaney was the Indian name of Newfound lake, and in this little book of mingled poetry and prose almost as poetic, the lake and its romantic surroundings are pictured with the glowing colors which they deserve. What description can excel this:

" Hast ever stood upon the wind-swept peak
Of Cardigan and looked adown the rocks?
Sheer off they make one bold and mighty leap,
And one in mid air may look down and see
The ragged ledge and tops of mighty trees
Within the ancient forest far below,
While on the brink a few storm-dwarfed shrubs
Stretch out their arms in pity to the blast,
And clutch for life the crevice of the rock."

And stanzas like the following make us love equally the mountain and the poet:

" When from the valleys at thy feet
I see thy form in majesty
Sharp cut against the western sky
At fall of night, or when there beat
The morning's arrows on thy head,

" Or when at dead of winter night
I hear thee fighting with the blast
With sullen roar, while thick and fast
The storm's mad bolts thy shoulders smite,
And all his legions lash and shriek,

" I feel a swelling in my breast,
A nameless thrill that masters me.
My heart, old king, goes out to thee,
And oft I long, in wild unrest,
To larger grow and grander be."

In the summer of 1893, he built his cozy, little summer cottage, "Ledgeside," in a picturesque and shady retreat on the western shores of his beloved Pasquaney, almost under "the sullen dome of Sugarloaf, with its granite wall rising almost perpendicular from the water's edge." Here amid invigorating breezes and cool shadows and ennobling scenes of nature, the summers bring rest and joy.

" But not for me thy charms, fair Loch Katrine,
For I will dream my summer days away
Where on the beach the lazy ripples play.
Of that sweet lake unsung and half unknown—
Pasquaney, 'mid the forest dells alone."

In 1896, Silver, Burdett & Co., of Boston, published Professor Pattee's "History of American Literature, with a View to the Fundamental Principles Underlying Its Development," an exhaustive text-book of 500 pages, designed for schools and colleges. It was received with remarkable favor both by the critics and by practical educators, and reached its third edition within six months. Written in a style simple and clear, it reveals its author's familiarity with the whole subject of our national literature, his accurate judgment and sense of proportion, and a contagious love for his subject. It is unique in its philosophical treatment of American literary history in

relation to historical events and social conditions.

Upon the recommendation of E. C. Stedman of New York and others, Professor Pattee was chosen to write an addition to John Nichol's article on "American Literature" in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," bringing it to date, and to contribute an article on the history of Canadian literature. He has lately prepared a book on "Reading Courses in American Literature."

He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, earnestly engaging in all religious and reform work which comes in his way. He has received a license as a local preacher in his denomination, and on various occasions has officiated in the sacred desk. His sermons before his graduating classes at Northwood are remembered by those who heard them as models in thought and diction.

Professor Pattee married, March 9, 1889, Miss Anna Plumer, daughter of Charles N. Plumer, a leading citizen of Alexandria, and one who as superintendent of its schools for a long series of years, did much for the cause of education in that town. Mrs. Pattee is a graduate of New Hampton Institution, is an artist of much merit, and before marriage was for some years a popular and successful teacher. She has proved a true helpmeet for her husband. In Northwood she was preceptress of the academy, teaching as her strength permitted, and attending to the various duties of her position, with an energy and success remarkable in view of her delicate health. Mr. and Mrs. Pattee have one child, Sara Lewis, born at State College, Pa., May 13, 1895.

Although much of the time not in robust health, Professor Pattee, starting from humble surroundings, has already accomplished work in the world which should inspire all young men with high ambition and lofty purpose, and we trust that his useful career has only begun.

THE CHURCH AND MEN.

By J. Bouton Lawrence.

NOW and then ministers are called upon to explain their alleged failure to "reach men." Sometimes the newspapers open the question. Not infrequently some pastor, vexed by moderate success with his own sex, ashamed of his reckoned failure with the gender to which he belongs, calls upon himself to find the cause of so indifferent success in this noble effort of captivating the attention, thought, enthusiasm, service of men.

It is common opinion that "worldlings" are prone to be not very tender in their treatment of pastors, but, if the whole truth were known, it might be found that preachers are often most severe with themselves. For example, Dr. Shaw of our American metropolis, writing evidently from the standpoint of the preacher, could hardly be dealt with more severely by

an incisive sceptic pen, than he has treated himself by his recent article in the *Homiletic Review*. If a secular paper or magazine told such things as are printed under the sanction of the *Review*, if an unsympathetic critic of ministers said these very things, some of "the cloth" would feel themselves challenged to brush up a little and resent the insinuation. May be there are a few who feel so as the case now stands.

Is it true that the church is not popular with men? Will such theory explain why males are in minority in ecclesiastical life and labor, or why females are a majority? Will this notion receive the approval of common sense? Is it fact?

Men are certainly preached about, preached to; and themes of the pulpit are, in general, directed to problems of particular interest with the life and labor of men. "Men," "young men," "laboring men," "men of wealth," ideal citizenship," "the duty of the hour," and so on to infinity, would indicate to some minds that, instead of there being lack of interest in the masculine gender, this particular sex is pampered, and "toasted," and honored far beyond its due. And there is some slight ground for suspecting that the reason so few men are in the church, or, again, why women outnumber them, is that there has been and is too much discrimination in favor of men. The nobler sex has been abashed at the attention bestowed upon it, while through the narrow and obscure door opened to woman she has very modestly ventured to enter.

Men! men! men! When a lad I recollect once asking my mother if she could get any good from the sermons our pastor laid upon us. "Why do you ask such a question?" said she. "Well," I replied, "the minister always says 'brethren,' and seems to talk to no one else." It has been the fashion from of old to regard with special distinction the masculine portion of the congregation, and to a degree at times discourteous, considering the well-known two-thirds majority of females.

An inference might be this: now let there be heard more preaching to women, more exhortation of the "dear sisters," while the men get an opportunity to slip into meeting all unobserved and undisturbed. Perhaps they are waiting for some chance like this. Or, still another conclusion might be, that the truth of Christ would better serve the end of reaching men, than this ceaseless boomeranging the coveted sex. No species of fish ever heard of can be taken in this fashion. Noisy work drives afar the timid soul. Fifty or five hundred eyes and minds glaring at a fellow is more apt to cause him to think of his hat than of his eternal well-being. Give men the ideal of thought, the ideal thought, and if the loadstone of truth and life fails to draw, then let the mariner give up his polar star and lend his feeble voice to calling upon his precious freight to save themselves; then let the ministry of the gospel cudgel itself with big, hard words until a practical method of rescueing men may be revealed.

Perhaps all pastors might be persuaded under circumstances, to pass over this notion that men are unpopular with the church, but few could be

silenced in face of the charge that they "are altogether too fond of the women."

It is to be hoped that preachers of righteousness have due regard for the gentler sex, for their minds and souls, for their worth and work. They have great esteem for womanhood, no doubt. We must agree with Coleridge, and the same idea is found in Steadman, that the truly great man is androgynous. Strange it would be if the son should not partake in some excellencies of his mother, stranger if he had no love for the mother traits of her who gave him existence. And when he sees and feels the same potency in others of his mother's sex, it would be beyond understanding if his nature made no response at all.

But "altogether too fond of the women!" "Fond" would be bad enough, "too fond" is intolerably worse, but "altogether" prefixed is superlatively disgusting. Yet they who fall into such state never lay any claim to the fact, unless sometimes in impassioned public utterance, admiration and love of wife or mother beguile into eulogy of the more feminine traits.

It was my fortune once to happen into the Monday morning ministers' meeting at the Congregational House, Boston. The question of pastoral work, so called, was on hand. Some not very sharp, but yet conservative, difference of opinion about the subject came out of the discussion, enough to impress my mind that there was not altogether too great fondness for the women; and also, be it added, to persuade me that those pastors were not absorbed in securing the "fond" regard of the women of their parishes. The office of pastor is that of the shepherd, to help, shield, feed the flock, and it has been my fortune to know such ministers as these; but if any were afflicted with the malady mentioned by the metropolitan preacher, they never let me know it. The daily press has generally attended to matters of this sort, and, it ought to be said, has confined itself a little more closely than some other people to definite cases.

It must be an uncomfortable sensation for a minister of the gospel to wear a coat fitted to his profession by such tailors as Dr. Shaw, to be told that he is "altogether too fond of the women," and find no way to modestly decline the misfit gift.

No one could be so wanting in good sense, so short of experience as not to know that ministers of this sort could not succeed with the other sex. The church of Christ is not composed of women enlisted by such agency as fondness, fond pastors, and so on. Where there is such a religious body we will not inquire. It would be an offense to Christian manhood and womanhood both.

Then, this presumption that preachers do not know "the cares and conditions under which the great mass of men live, their peculiar temptations," that "they do not call on the men," and such like,—to put the case mildly, the author would better promply admit that the day before these words were penned he preached to a congregation sadly depleted by a severe gulf storm. This is really the best way of explaining it away. We should be pained to flatly contradict it. This is not good form nor agreeable. Few men could afford a minis-

ter as much time for visiting as the courtesy of a housewife would allow. But a good word and hearty handshake in the office, store, or factory is by no means an unheard of thing.

They who man our pulpits and shepherd our churches are often in peculiar relations with the toiling masses of men. Scores have carried the dinner pail themselves, have served time; or, the fathers, from whose homes they have been called to the ministry have been honest, godly toilers of some sort, so that the home and early associations were such as tend to affiliate one by bonds peculiarly close and dear with the toiling classes.

No man, nor any number of them, is "reached" very vitally when a good man shakes his hand or makes his acquaintance. The masses are not wanting merely to be called upon, to be preached to, to be specialized. Work with men and for men only is as problematic with the Y. M. C. A., or the Y. M. C. U., and others, as with the churches. The secretaries, whose relation with men tends to give them special training for work with their sex, find that to reach men unto their permanent good is rewarded with success not at all commensurate with the outlay. And all this leaves plenty of room for saying that these special agencies for helping men are crowned with commendable results.

This problem of reaching men, the gospel minister would better not load *in toto* on his own shoulders. If he could succeed in getting the church to assume the responsibility, and by the church seek for a solution, could he but enlist particularly fathers, and, of course, mothers, in the enterprise of proper child training, and Christian nurture, he would accomplish something worth the effort.

The difficulty of the church to reach men is not with the minister primarily. The church as a home, and the homes of the church, the parents, especially those busy fathers who renounce responsibility, who resign their parental calling to wife and mother,—these boarder-fathers and lodger-husbands hold the big key that only can unlock this great door, through the escutcheon of which the parson looks upon the problem and delivers his broken, feeble, ineffective exhortations. When fathers can be led to perceive the worth of character as superior to the worth of gold; when manhood is reckoned above trade, and repose of home beyond the tension of factory and market; when mind and soul and body come to be estimated at their own values; when the lost equilibrium of manhood returns to its poise; then we may expect to find the vagrant sex in the way of return to the Father's house.

CAMERON'S JOKE.

By Helen Ray Kent.

OF course it will be patent to all that when Byers, Cameron, and I were graduated from the law school of one of our New England "fresh water" universities, and settled in Greenwich, we did so because of the large and ever-growing practice to be picked up there for the taking. However, in fear that this frank confession may bring an avalanche of undeveloped legal talent into our thriving community, I hasten to add that, really, our chief reason for selecting the town was because of the cheap-living, and the general unsuspiciousness of its citizens. Byers had spent nearly half of his life-time there at his grandfather's farm, "living on the old man," as he rather disrespectfully expressed it; and when we three impecunious, embryonic Daniel Websters were talking over prospects the last night at college, he exclaimed, "By Jove! boys. Let's go up and settle in Greenwich. You needn't laugh," he added, as Cameron and I snickered derisively, recalling his picturesque tales of the charming hamlet and its inhabitants.

"It's quite a place, really," he went on. "Five or six thousand people, with no lawyers at all except old Hayes and Judge Wilkins, who've been tottering on the edge of the grave ever since I can remember; and Joe Eggerton, who hasn't brains enough to fill a peanut. *I've* got to go there, anyhow, for I'm strapped—completely strapped; and unless the old gentleman sees fit to come down handsomely and set his only grandson up in style (which he won't), I haven't got cash enough to keep me afloat a fortnight. So I've concluded to enter Hayes & Wilkins's office there, so I can live at home." Byers always called the farm home. Indeed it was his only one. "And that pleases the old fellow mightily," said he. "He says all they need is 'young blood'; and you know yourself how tenacious country people are of their rights, and 'taking the law on yer,' as they call it. Oh! there'll be enough to do. And by and bye—why—well, when grandfather is dead I can go where I please, you know."

Byers paused for breath in his embarrassment, while Cameron asked jovially to put him at ease, "That's all very fine for you, old man, to go and rusticate, and rest after your arduous labors at college—"

I groaned.

"But where are Ned and I coming in on that racket? We haven't got any grandfathers to take us in and keep us till we can stand on our own legs. There aren't any old codgers who are anxious to take *us* into partnership."

"I know all that," interrupted Byers, impatiently. "But see here,

boys, you 've got to live somewhere, have n't you? Now how long do you suppose your cash will last here, or in any other good-sized place, for that matter, until you get a good paying practice?"

Here Cameron whistled and looked at the ceiling, while I retorted sharply, "Maybe you do n't know it, my son, but I think its devilish impertinent of you to twit us in that way. Cam. and I are n't to blame because we 're not the heirs-apparent. But we 'll forgive you. It is n't your fault because your mind wanders in the land of the dollar."

"The land of the dollar! *I* live in the land of sense—good, sound sense!" answered Byers, grinning appreciatively at my witticisms.

"But, honestly, you 've no idea how long you can make your wad last up there; and how long they 'll trust—let you have things 'on tick,' you know. Besides, whenever we have a client I 'll ask him who the opposing counsel are, and if he does n't name you—"

"He won't," interpolated Cameron, mournfully.

"Why, I 'll say, 'This seems to be an important case, sir. Perhaps you 'd better secure the services of Cameron & Dupont, or they may be snapped up by the other side. Remarkable fellows for ferreting out evidence'; or something like that. At all events it 'll advertise you, and you know advertising is the modern way of getting there. What do you say?"

To that we said a good deal that was mere nonsense, but we finally decided to think it over and take account of stock before joining Byers at Greenwich, where we were to make at least a "good long visit." I 'm afraid we did n't do much serious thinking, and as for taking account of stock, in our circumstances, that was simply a figure of speech; but we spent a delightful month visiting Phil and his grandfather; we rode, walked, fished, read, and galivanted among the girls; and at length decided to begin practice there, both seeing the bench or congress looming ahead in the future.

We took rooms at a widow's, not five minutes' walk from the centre of the town,—thereby securing inestimable advantages over Byers, we told him, and hired an office in the block directly opposite the bank. We ordered a sign, large, resplendent, and striking, in black and gold:

CAMERON & DUPONT,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW.

and arranged our some hundred books in the second-hand book-case as spreadingly as we could. On the walls we pinned etchings, prints, and —I grieve to confess it—newspaper cartoons of our famous brethren in the law, Choate, Lincoln, Sumner, and others. Phil's grandfather, to our great surprise, had given each of us a desk, roller-top (exactly like Byers's) and we filled these well up with a lot of papers really inspiring in their legal aspect. On the whole, the office suited us very well indeed, and we would not have asked for a better one. Then began that trying period, known, alas! to all lawyers, but ignored or gilded over in accounts of subsequent years of successful practice; that discouraging, nay, heart-rending, time of waiting for clients.

And we had to wait! Actually,

during the first six months of our residence in Greenwich proper, the door of our office was opened but once by a possible client, and that miscreant only "wanted to know" where the photographer's rooms were.

It was pitiful. There we were, fresh from the lecture-rooms of the famous ——— law school, anxious to counsel, eager to plead causes; surrounded by people not at all averse to going to court rather than have their rights infringed on—and still nothing to do.

Byers encouraged us as much as he could; he was at work for a salary himself, "ridiculously small," so he said, and indeed it must have been, or I am sure he would have mentioned the figures, which he never did.

But still that was something; and, as he lived at home, his case did not call for sympathy. Then he seemed to be most devoted to old Mr. Hayes, and showing him no end of attentions, and thereby greatly pleasing his grandfather. I believe I have neglected to mention that Mr. Hayes had a daughter, Alice. She was quite the prettiest girl in town;—and if that town owned a homely girl, I never saw her—was well-educated, witty, refined—in short, just what "She" or "Her" (capital letters, please) always is to a young man when he begins to think and talk vaguely about "settling down." Cameron and I had both secretly nibbled (very small nibbles indeed) at this charming fruit, but finding signs of unmistakable frost at the first speech bordering on sentiment, we withdrew, leaving the field to Byers.

"For he 's got the looks,
He 's got the brains,
And he 's got the money, too,"

quoted Cameron, directing my attention to our classmate, as we stood on the postoffice steps waiting for the mail to be distributed. Byers was on the opposite side of the street, gazing in at the window of Greenwich's best furniture shop at an oak dining-table, with an expression which, even at our distance, was pitiful in its unconscious hunger for domestic joys.

"He 's a gone coon," I remarked.

"Yes, and a mighty lucky one," answered my partner rather shortly.

Later in the day Phil burst in upon us with the news of his engagement; and while we were congratulating him, and he was talking and gesticulating wildly,—now condoling with us upon our lonely estate, now endeavoring to describe the unutterable bliss of being engaged—the door was shoved suddenly open and *our first dient* walked in. Fortunately we had not heard him coming, else he would have had to wait while we reconnoitred through the key-hole; (we were reduced to thus dodging our landlord) and our carefully rehearsed welcome was not forthcoming. But the old fellow did not miss it.

"Want you to do some law business for me," he began, bluntly addressing Cameron.

"Did n't know but what I was a fool to trust it to any young fellows," he continued, "but when I heard you cussin' and jawin' and ravin' round so, comin' upstairs, I calculated I had n't made no mistake. Hayes & Wilkins has always done most of my lawin' for me, but they 're both of 'em too old now to stand up

and give the other side a regular knock-down fight. And the young feller there 's in love they tell me, so he would n't be any assistance.

"'Settle, settle,' old Hayes says to me the last time he tried a case for me. 'Settle be damned,' says I. And so he went ahead, and lost the suit, but if he 'd had any fightin' gumption left he could have won it easy enough. So I made up my mind I 'd try a new set of lawyers the next time the Old Harry kicked up any trouble for me."

Here Byers rose, saying he would call again later; and I accompanied him to the door where we both indulged in a stifled laugh, and I promised to call and extend my felicitations to Miss Hayes that evening. Then I returned to the business in hand.

Never mind what the case was. It promised abundant opportunities for Cameron's eloquence and my genius for drawing papers. And best of all, when the old fellow rose to go he pulled out a roll of greenbacks and deposited fifty dollars—fifty dollars! on the table. "Guess that 'll do for a retainer," he suggested, as we escorted him to the head of the stairs.

Do! I sank into a chair speechless with amazed delight, while Cam. executed an impromptu dance about the office. "It 's too good to be true," he shouted. And later in the day when we received several bills for collection through the postoffice; when I was accosted by the village butcher with a request that we begin suit for him against the M. L. & N. railroad; when, after spending the evening at the Hayes homestead, Cameron found a widow patiently waiting to see us, with a request that we collect her dead husband's life insurance—we were appalled by our good fortune.

"It 's been so long coming, and now striking us all in a heap, it sort of takes one 's breath away," Cameron would declare. Even Byers's appointment as county solicitor failed to rouse the slightest feeling of envy.

But there was one way in which Phil did trouble us that summer and all the winter following, a way which two years before we would not have believed possible of him. He bored us; bored us to death with his raptures as a lover; and was irritating beyond a measure in his indifference to other topics.

"I do n't mind his confounded love affair," Cameron would confide to me. "Every man who 's engaged is just like that; thinks she is the loveliest, the dearest girl, and can't help telling you so to save his life, so look out when your turn comes. That is, every one but those glum, grumpy fellows, who never say anything because they care twice as much for themselves as they can for any girl. But I can't stand the supercilious, top-lofty airs he gives himself. The sort of satisfied way he says 'Oh! business,' or 'politics,' as if they did n't interest him in the least. His engagement and his office make him feel a little too well, and he needs taking down a peg, for his own good. I 'll do it myself. You just see if I do n't," he would add threateningly.

Winter and spring wore away, however, without the fulfilment of Cameron's prophecy, and the wedding day, which was to be in apple-blossom time, drew near. Byers,

alas! grew more consequential than ever, as the day approached; and yet, he was such a good fellow, and so unconscious of his exasperating ways that one could but smile at him and them. As he could not have us both for best man, we settled the question by tossing up, with the result in my favor, while Cameron was to be "only an usher," as I told him.

Some three weeks before the ceremony, Miss Hayes betook herself to New York for the final trousseau-shopping; and as Phil had been too forlornly miserable for anyone to contemplate, during her previous absences, I suggested that, as he was unable to take us into Delmonico's and give us the customary stag dinner, we make a little fishing excursion up Grand brook, some forty miles away. The "close season" was not off yet, but what did that matter? We could take care not to be found out. Phil fell in with the plan eagerly (why is it that even the best of men after working and voting to frame good laws for the majority, so enjoy breaking them, with a quiet little minority?), and as Cam. refused to leave our really rapidly increasing practice, we asked young Stickney, the teller in the bank, to accompany us. He accepted instantly, and after the usual preparation, a little prolonged by the red tape necessary in a no-license community to procure enough of something to prevent colds, we started.

The fish were ravenously hungry. We caught more than we could eat or bring home even; just for the fun of "having more than enough of anything in this world," as Stickney expressed it; and after a pleasant outing of four days we took the train back to Greenwich in high glee. To an acquaintance on the train, Stickney reported that we had been out on a survey of some disputed boundary lines. We were all in great spirits as we reached Greenwich, Byers particularly, as he expected Miss Hayes home the next day.

The moment I stepped on to the platform and saw Cam.'s face, however, I knew something had happened.

"What is it, old man?" I asked anxiously.

"Hush!" he whispered close to my ear, looking over my shoulder for the others. "Somehow the story of your buying that liquor has leaked out—you know what a devilish place this is for gossip—and old Peters has been arrested for selling it to you. Then that kid, where Stickney boards, blabbed that he overheard you talking about fishing; and you know what that means in this state when the close season is on. There isn't much going on just now except the wedding, and Byers being in it, the thing has spread like wildfire. Some of the old fogies have taken it up and mean to prosecute. I'm afraid its going to be a nasty scrape all round, especially for Phil as he's county solicitor. The sheriff—"

But I did not hear any more. Visions of disgrace, handcuffs, jail, and what not, floated through my head. As in a dream I saw Sheriff Macomber lean over and touch Byers on the shoulder, saying softly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Byers, but it is my duty to place you and your companions"—here Stickney, who was just be-

hind, turned and jumped aboard the train again, disappearing in the car, while the officer went on solemnly—"under arrest for violating the law, in fact two of the laws."

But I waited to hear no more. Breaking from Cameron's detaining arm I made a dive along the platform, ran around the locomotive, and brought up on the back side of the freight sheds. In a second or two I was joined by Stickney who was literally frightened to death.

"I—I saw you. I've thrown them all away," he gasped.

"Thrown what?" said I savagely. Somehow his terror made me cross.

"The fish," he answered, more calmly. "I chucked the box out of the car window. Of course that's what's the matter. And if they can't find any, why, it'll be all right."

"Yes, man, but the spirits?" I yelled, as the train rumbled out of the station.

"You don't mean they're on to that, too?" he demanded.

"What a confounded state to live in, where a man can't take his glass as a gentleman, but has to get it like a sneak. By Jove! Byers had the bottles himself, in his valise. He's done for. They do make such a fuss about—"

Just here our conversation was cut short by approaching voices.

"F. A. Stickney," said the unseen speaker. "The teller in the bank. He wasn't in the cars; perhaps he went into the freight-sheds." And before we could make our retreat the sheriff stood before us.

"Well, Mr. Stickney," he began; "I am under the painful necessity of arresting you for violating the fishing laws of this state—a grave offence, as you doubtless know. A box full of trout, bearing your name, has been found; so you must come with me, while you, sir,—" turning to me—

"I don't know anything about it. I—I'm not acquainted with the parties," I stammered basely.

"You are detained for the present as a witness, if not an actual participant," he went on, paying no heed to my faltering interruption, and marching us both off.

How we reached the sheriff's office that evening, how and why we were taken there, I did not know. Phil was the only one who spoke on the way, and he only murmured something about "not telling Alice."

Stickney was too frightened to say anything. I seemed to be stupefied. Even Cameron's desertion did not surprise me. At first I did not notice it. Not until the sheriff had ushered us into his room, remarking, "You'll wait here, gentlemen," and had gone away locking the door behind him, did I remember that graceless partner of mine.

"*Et tu, Brute!*" I thought bitterly.

Byers and Stickney sat like stone images until the latter asked, falteringly, "I suppose they'll let us go on bail—if we can get it, won't they?"

"Bail"—Jail!

The thought maddened me. I sprang to my feet and walked to the door opening on the hall. It was locked. Of course it was. I had heard the sheriff lock it myself.

Then I walked over to the other door leading to another room, and tried that. It, too, was fastened.

Just as I was turning away, bound to make an escape, somehow, I heard a faint sound, remarkably like a subdued laugh, in the next room. Quick as a flash, I stooped and peered through the key-hole. Seated at a table directly opposite that limited space, were the sheriff and Cameron. The former was drinking the last of a bottle of extra-good sherry from Byers's valise, and Cam. was counting the fish as he sipped my claret. Their faces were red with suppressed laughter.

I tip-toed over to the boys, and after each had satisfied himself of the little game that had been played upon us, we put our heads together to plot an anti-climax. When the windows had been reconnoitred, Byers began to groan and I to cough, while Stickney unfastened one and let himself out on to the shed roof below. I followed, after leaving the following note in a conspicuous place:

"DEAR CAM.: Did you ever get left?
"Yours truly,
"THE THREE FISHERS."

Byers brought up the rear.

* * * * * *

"There is one thing I don't understand," remarked Alice Hayes to me the evening before she became Alice Byers. "I don't see what it is that's funny about that lovely fish set you three boys have given us. Phil explodes every time he looks at it. And this noon, when Sheriff Macomber's present came, he nearly had a fit. Have you seen it?" And she led the way to the picture of a fine string of fish.

"It 's just the thing for our dining-room. Why, Mr. Dupont, you 're laughing too. *What* is the joke?"

COASTING ON MILE HILL.

By Clarence Henry Pearson.

We pause before we reach the height
To view the landscape fair,
And with a sense of calm delight
Inhale the wine-like air;
Hark! from above us comes the noise
Of childish voices shrill,
A merry brood of girls and boys
Are coasting on Mile hill.

See, on the front the pilot rides
His face with pride elate,
Less haughty looks the man who guides
The mighty ship of state;
He knows his comrades all rely
Upon his nerve and skill,
It needs a practiced hand and eye
To steer adown Mile hill.

The double runner comes apace
  Straight as an arrow might,
The glow of health on every face
  And every eye alight;
And when the laughing crew glides by
  I feel my pulses thrill
As in the days when you and I
  Went coasting on Mile hill.

I yield to memory's spell and lo!
  The voices that I hear
Are those that in the long ago
  Fell oft' upon my ear,
And I, despite the almanac,
  A happy youngster still,
With all my old time mates am back
  A-coasting on Mile hill.

Once more the keen air smites my face
  As down the roadway white
I sweep the hill from crown to base
  In swift and bird-like flight,
With tingling nerves and heart aglow
  I drink my very fill
Of that wild rapture those may know
  Who coast upon Mile hill.

I waken all too soon, alas!
  And sadly turn away,
The roads along which I must pass
  Are far less smooth to-day,
And Fate will ne'er again for me
  Joy's crystal chalice fill
As in the golden days when we
  Went coasting on Mile hill.

A Corner of the Eight-Acre Apple Orchard of the late Cyrus Burge.

HOLLIS: AN AGRICULTURAL TOWN.

By Abbie C. Burge.

HOLLIS was carved out of the township of old Dunstable, a Massachusetts creation. A territory composed of several grants, but afterwards sub-divided, forming all, or portions of, the present towns of Nashua, Dunstable, Tyngsborough, Hudson, Litchfield, Amherst, Milford, Merrimack, Londonderry, Groton, Townsend, Pelham, Dracut, Brookline, Pepperell, and the good old borough which forms the base of this article.

For several years prior to 1741, a bitter dispute raged between Massachusetts and New Hampshire in reference to the boundary line. Through Dunstable ran the war-path of controversy. Massachusetts was determined to possess all its fair acres, and New Hampshire had little idea of relinquishing the hard-earned homes, and embryo farms of the settlers, to the greed of the Bay colony. Consequently, these sister provinces offered great inducements to influence immigration to this particular locality, each hoping in the end to "bag the game."

The result was that lands in this region were, for a few years, rapidly taken up, not by trappers and adventurers, but by strong, resolute, and honorable men,—men who came for a purpose, and that purpose to make for themselves and their families, comfortable homes, to convert the forests into fruitful farms, and to educate their children.

To learn how well they succeeded we have only to drive around the fine, well-cultivated farms they left; or acquaint ourselves with the lives of the noble men and women who were born in the old farmhouses that we pass, and of whom their descendants are justly proud.

The history of Hollis was so closely interwoven with that of Dunstable, until the king established the province line, that in some cases it has been hard to unravel. Being for a time a possession of Middlesex

Runnells Bridge over the Nashua River.

county, Massachusetts, such records of deeds as were kept were filed at the county registry office at Cambridge.

In 1739, the government of Massachusetts formed the westerly portion of Dunstable into a distinct precinct, terming it West Dunstable, which name it retained until 1746, when it is said to have been christened Holles by Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, to commemorate the name of Thomas Pelham Holles, Duke of New Castle, who was, at that time, colonial secretary, and to whom, it is affirmed, Governor Wentworth owed his position.

There seems to have been contention about the orthography and the origin of the word, some claiming that the duke spelled his name with an "i" instead of an "e." Other authorities assert that it was called Hollis in memory of Thomas Hollis, a man of renown and worthy of respect, whose deeds are linked with Harvard college. Facts lean heavily to the side of the duke, but as he was known to have been a disreput-

Parsonage of Rev. Eli Smith.

Town Hall and First Parsonage.

able character and only renowned for his ignorance, most people prefer to think of the town as receiving its title from Harvard's distinguished benefactor.

To the aborigines it was known by the pretty, musical name of Nissitissit, which is still given to a busy, useful stream that flows from Potantopo pond in Brookline, down through the westerly part of Hollis, finally

mingling its waters with those of the Nashua. It is a charming bit of a river, along whose banks the ghostly white birches grow side by side with the drooping elm, the ash, and the maple—the whole interlaced with the wild grape and the clematis, to which is frequently added the fragrance of the water-lily, whose white blossoms shimmer in the sun as they float on the limpid water, with nothing to

Congregational Church.

Present Parsonage.

disturb the stillness but the song of birds and the chirping of insects.

During its infancy Hollis seemed destined to many changes of position and contour. One of Dunstable's sixteen children, she passed her youthful days in one state, finding her permanent home in another. Although transferred from county to county, through its various vicissitudes, she retained an amiable countenance, keeping her weather eye constantly on Providence and willing to add or subtract from her possessions, as best suited her near neighbors. Consequently we are not surprised to learn that in 1762, she listened to a petition from the little town of Monson to take it under her protecting wing. Amherst seeming to feel jealous about the annexation, this petition was dismissed; but in 1770 the governor settled the matter by dividing the loaf between the two towns. So Monson died, aged twenty-four years, mourned by none; and leav-

Interior of the Congregational Church.

ing as the only public record, a pound, which the Undertaker Decay has since disposed of.

Then there was the border controversy about "One Pine Hill," which created discord for seventeen years. "One Pine Hill" was a settlement of very worthy people on the eastern side of West Dunstable. When the state division line was fixed, they found themselves where they did not wish to be, namely, in Old Dunstable. Their friends, their church, and their sympathies were all with the Hollis people; and Hollis land owners reciprocated their sentiments. Many times did the settlers of "One Pine Hill" petition Dunstable and the general court to allow them to be joined to Hollis even to pay £1,500, O. T., for the privilege. Dunstable rejected this offer, and the petitions, with repeated hostility. Hollis at one time "voted to give the people of One Pine Hill £200, O. T., towards expenses in Getting off from Dunstable." At last the court decided that "One Pine Hill" had the best of the argument, and an act was passed in 1763 giving to Hollis the right to adopt this well-to-do colony.

The noted pine tree that marked the boundary of those belligerent towns, was a tall, straight Norway pine nearly one hundred feet in height, standing like a solitary sentinel on the top of a hill. For years it was a landmark for travellers and a rendezvous for scores of hunters whose names were engraved in the bark.

View looking toward the South Cemetery.

In 1764, to Raby, now Brookline, was measured off a strip of land as a peace-offering, and again in 1786 went a slice as a charity gift.

The construction of bridges was a heavy tax upon the new-comers. When the first bridge across the broad channel of the Nashua river, between Hollis and Dunstable, on the main thoroughfare to Nashua, was so injured by a freshet, as to create a demand for a new one, Dunstable was unwilling to pay one half the expense. Two farmers of

Dunstable, whose possessions extended to the bend of the stream, offered to pay handsomely towards building a new one, provided they could be allowed to come under the jurisdiction of Hollis. The court in 1773 granted their request, the town receiving the men and five hundred acres of sandy land, more suitable for the cultivation of the vine than the olive, which very likely gave rise to the epithet of "Pumpkin Yard."

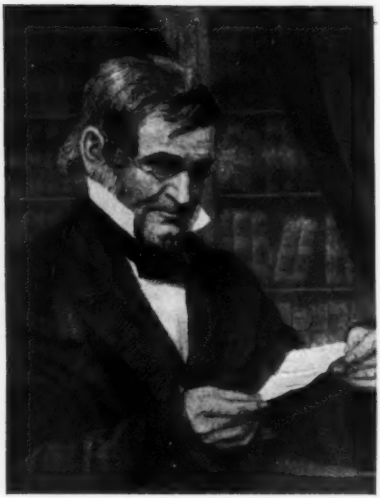
View from the South Cemetery.

A mill had probably been grinding grain, by the river, for nearly half a century before the property, in 1777, was deeded by Ebenezer Runnells to his son, in consideration of which he was to pay his mother thirty shillings yearly, and make her "an annual visit during her natural life."

Years ago, when business hummed in this locality, the bridge spanned the river below the falls. Samuel Runnells had rebuilt the saw- and grist-mill adding a carding-machine. Unfortunately, fire destroyed a paper manufactory on the opposite side of the stream, taking the bridge in its course and the carding-mill.

The year 1784 found Milford knocking at the door, begging for a grant on the northwestern corner. He did not knock in vain, but received the wished-for donation. Since then, Hollis has been left in peace, and her relations to the towns which surround her have been serene.

Under an organized township, the first transfer of real estate to a permanent settler, that is recorded, was a deed of thirty-seven and a half acres to Peter Power in the autumn of 1730. Upon this land he erected an humble dwelling not far from the present residence of one of his descendants, Marcellus J. Powers. The following winter, during the cold and frosty month of January, he brought to this lodge in the wilderness his young wife and two little children. It may have been romantic to come away ten miles, by themselves, into the Indian-haunted woods, but,



Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D., the Lexicographer.

doubtless, to them it had its side of stern reality as well.

For two years, Powers seems to have been "monarch of all he surveyed," and then came a wave of immigration. Not with the rush of Klondike gold seekers, but with the steady enthusiasm of God-fearing, liberty-loving, soil-owning home-builders. Tradition says that savages were sometimes seen lurking in the forests, but the town seems to have wonderfully escaped their cruel depredations. Two garrison houses were erected for protection, and in a few cases the settlers fled from their homes, fearing an attack.

But it must not be thought that these men of sterling worth, because they were unmolested themselves, selfishly left others to do their fighting. We find the names of sixty-one men, who went out to do battle during the French and Indian wars. Among them those of the minister and the physician, and those out of a population that numbered but few over a hundred souls on the tax-list.

As soon as circumstances would permit, the question of erecting a house of worship was agitated. A plan was nearly consummated, when the inhabitants awoke one morning to find that they had been separated from the Massachusetts colony; therefore their proceedings were null and void. Embarrassed by this, they did not falter, but voted to petition for a charter to erect a church and "Bring forward a Larned and Orthe Dox Minister." The first edifice was a rude structure, but over the threshold stepped Faith, and into the windows peered Hope.

In 1743, the parish, by common consent, voted for, and chose the Rev. Daniel Emerson for their "Gospel Minister to take the Pastoral care of the Flock of Christ." Some copies of the correspondence would be given here if space had permitted, for the

Home of Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D.

letters were unique—as were also the articles of agreement in regard to salary. Mr. Emerson accepted the call, and for nearly sixty years continued a true shepherd of the flock. A man of active, leading intellect and iron nerve, the epitaph on his monument fails to do justice to his worth.

Before many years elapsed the con-

gregation had so increased as to necessitate the building of a larger meeting house. Although this was in every way more comfortable, still the only fire that warmed it was love, and the zeal of the preacher, whose sermons were said, at times, to have been strongly seasoned with brimstone theology.

Residence and Creamery of Samuel A. Worcester.

The third and present house of worship was raised in 1804, when it was "Voted that y^e^ Com^tee^ provide Victuals and Drink for y^e^ People." This building was enlarged and remodeled in 1849. Since then it has undergone many changes for the better, as regards refitting and refurnishing.

The style of architecture has not been altered, and a peculiarly clear, sweet-toned bell suspended in the belfry, not only announces the hours for divine service, but the custom still remains of ringing it thrice daily. The residents hope that the good old fashion may long continue.

When advancing years obliged Mr. Emerson to seek more leisure from his pastoral duties, his grandson, the Rev. Eli Smith, became his colleague. At Mr. Emerson's decease Mr. Smith continued as pastor of the church until he, too, on account of his age, requested that he might lay the burden down. During his pastorate, between four and five hundred persons were added to the church. He was a man of energetic talents whose discourses were often as warm as the glass of toddy he imbibed afterwards.

Then followed in succession the Rev. David Perry, the Rev. James Aiken, the Rev. Matthew Gordon, the Rev. Pliny B. Day, the Rev. James Laird, the Rev. Hiram L. Kelsey, the Rev. D. B. Scott, and the present incumbent, the Rev. Samuel L. Gerould, D. D. All were good men and true. One went to fill another vocation, some to preach in other fields, while still others have gone to that land where history is never written.

Of these clergymen, to the Rev. P. B. Day, D. D., who was at the time of his death, a trustee of Dartmouth college, is due more than a passing notice. A few years prior to his installation as pastor of the Hollis Congregational church a Baptist church had been organized and a church building erected. Dr. Day possessed an unusually well-endowed mind, broadened by travel. Conser-

High School.

Site of Sawmill where Lumber was Sawed for the Church in 1804.

vative, pleasing, and gracious in manner, through his efforts the two societies were united, and in his audience were regularly found those differing as to creeds, but bowing in reverence to the good Father who cares for and governs all.

This state of affairs in the church resulted in a very harmonious social condition of society. Parties and teas were of common occurrence, though the latter were of a very different type from those of to-day. The home-coming of Hollis's highly educated and distinguished sons and daughters, and there were scores of them, was usually the signal for a social gathering. Externally, these residences were not elegant, but large, neat, well-painted, and with an air of ease and good taste about them. The interiors contained innumerable creature comforts, and many luxuries. The tables were nicely laid and bountifully spread, and the guests—it would have been difficult to find their equals in any farming district. The women were arrayed in silk; the men in immaculate linen and black broadcloth suits. Conversation abounded, freely sprinkled with laughter, for those bright minds hammered out wit unsparingly. This interchange of thought with visitors from the outside world, doubtless, was among the means which kept the inhabitants from falling into provincialisms.

Nichols House. One of the Oldest in Town. Built by Wilder Chamberlain.

Residence of Capt. Daniel Emerson, of Revolutionary fame. Erected about 1768.

Charity and benevolence never anywhere found warmer supporters than here. It has been remarked that this town, in the amount of its charitable and religious contributions, for decades equalled any other place in the state, even though larger and wealthier. Mention is made of some of the charitable organizations, believing that they have few prototypes in New Hampshire. The Hollis Philanthropic society was incorporated nearly a century ago for the purpose of "Divising a plan for the permanent support of the ministry without taxation." The wish of the

organizers, "to transmit a fund to posterity," has proved to be to the church what they desired, "a valuable legacy." Its excellent preamble is a model of forethought and broad-mindedness.

The Hollis Benevolent association was formed over eighty years ago "to furnish material aid to each of the charitable and religious enterprises of the day." For many years the average annual amount raised by it, was $500. The association still exists, a living memorial to the generosity of its benefactors. The men were not left to carry on all the good works, for in 1829 was started the Hollis Female Reading and Charitable society. Since its inception, it has usually held its meetings the first Thursday afternoon of every month, at some pleasant and well-ordered home, generally a farmhouse. While

Old Tavern, now J. C. Hildreth's Store.

a member reads aloud, the others ply the needle; then comes supper, and sometimes in the winter, after supper, the men appear on the scene, and the evening passes as "merry as a marriage bell." As a result of these years of stitching, reading, and talking, yearly boxes filled with clothing or useful articles have found their way to destitute homes or deserving institutions, their total value

Witch Brook. Mill Site of Moses Sanders, 1742.

being nearly forty-five hundred dollars.

Now comes one more, though very likely this had its counterpart elsewhere. While the men were enlisting and drilling for service in the Civil War, their wives, sisters, and mothers were forming a company known as the Soldiers' Aid society. They met once a month, and many times oftener, to make or pack such articles as would add to the comfort of those brave men who were willing to give their lives, if necessary, to preserve the unity of this nation. No written record was kept, but members conversant with its affairs believe that the actual hard cash contributed was not less than four

Home of Four Generations of Daniel Baileys.

thousand dollars. That, of course, does not include the barrels and boxes of hospital and camp supplies. All this money and these gifts to whatever cause have been collected in a rural community where there are no manufacturing interests and no men of wealth, as the world counts riches; where the population has not averaged since 1800 more than 1,350 souls; and where almost every father has been to the expense of sending his children away for higher education.

Mrs. James Ball.

Mrs. Taylor G. Worcester.

Mrs. Cyrus Burge.

Of the last-named society, Mrs. Taylor G. Worcester was the untiring president, and Mrs. Pliny B. Day its faithful treasurer. Their hands were staid by a very practical, intelligent, and noble-hearted corps of directors. Two of the oldest were Mrs. James Ball and Mrs. Cyrus Burge.

Residence of Dr. Frank Bell.

All except three of those superior women have since joined that silent army, whose detachments wait in the churchyards until

> "Heaven's morning breaks,
> And earth's shadows flee away."

If the years intervening between America's two greatest wars had not cooled the enthusiasm of the descendants of the Revolution, then one is not surprised, on turning back to those times, to find recorded such incidents as the following:

Reports being rife that "The Regulars" were approaching, Mrs. David Wright of Pepperell (*neé* Prudence Cummings of Hollis), with some of the neighboring women, arrayed themselves in their absent husbands' clothes, and armed with all sorts of weapons, from muskets to pitchforks, determined to defend what is called Jewett's bridge over the Nashua river in Pepperell. Soon a Tory approached. He was seized, taken from his horse, searched, and, important dispatches being found in his boots, he was turned over to the Safety committee, and afterwards given years for meditation in Amherst jail. Now, near the bridge a suitable stone dedicated to Captain

Prudence C. Wright commemorates the deed.

Word reached Hollis about noon on the 19th of April, 1775, of the approach of the red coats. Captain Worcester had just lathered his face for shaving; but, hearing the call, he dropped his razor, and, in the plight he was, mounted his horse and joined others in spreading the alarm. Hearing the cry, "To arms," five Nevins brothers, who were digging a large, flat stone out of a private roadway, placed a bowlder under the rock and hastened to join the company forming near the church. For seventy years the stone was left in the same position as a family souvenir, but now appropriately inscribed it rests on the Common, not far from the Soldiers' monument, a memento illustrating the spirit of 1775. That afternoon ninety-two men, under the leadership of Captain Dow, started on a march of forty-two miles to Cambridge. After a few days' absence, thirty-nine returned, but the remainder, with their captain, volunteered for eight months, placing themselves under the command of Colonel Prescott, whose estate in Pepperell joined Hollis. During the seven years of war that followed, 300 soldiers, one-fourth of the population of Hollis, fired their muskets at the British, and were among the first in fidelity and danger, if not in fame.

Residence of Charles M. Stratton. Framed by Col. Samuel Hobart, 1771.

It may be news to the rising generation to learn that before the Revolution, it was a penal offence to cut "White Pine Trees fit for use in the Royal Navy." The king's sheriff for Hillsborough county was Benjamin Whiting, one of the four Tories of Hollis. The part he played in the "Pine Tree Riot," in 1772, is described so well, in an excellent article in a former number of this magazine, that it needs no repetition.

That the people of Hollis rejoiced in the treatment Whiting received at Weare is undoubtedly true, for, when

Rev. P. B. Day, D. D.

Sergt. George A. Burge.

Corp. Henry H. Day.

the war was over and the British commissioners tried to provide for the return of the adherents of the crown, Hollis called a special town meeting to give instructions to their representative on this point. They passed a set of emphatic resolutions, carried one man. One Fast Day, Parson Smith (who was a warm supporter of the war) was speaking in a conservative way of the party which was demanding peace at any price. This was too much for waspish, warlike Daniel Merrill. He arose to

Long Pond.

from which the following is copied: "The minds of the people being tried in respect to the returning of those Miserable Wretches under the name of Tories, Absentees, or Conspirators, —Voted unanimously that they shall not be allowed to return, or regain their forfeited Possessions."

During the War of 1812 the records show that Hollis men were still hostile to England. An incident illustrates to what pitch patriotism

Residence of John A. Coburn.

leave the church, declaring that he would never again contribute to the weekly offerings. The parson commanded him, "In the name of God sit down." This put a quietus on Mr. Merrill for the day, but he remained true to his declaration, and one Sunday, a few years afterwards, the storm of his pent-up feelings burst in a blow, which he gave to Deacon Burge's bell-crowned hat as the deacon came around for the offertory. Away flew the money, while Mr. Merrill loudly and vigorously exclaimed, "Keep that hat out of my pew."

The town sent out 163 men to defend our flag during the War of the Rebellion. Company H of the Seventh New Hampshire regiment was officered and made up largely of Hollis volunteers. The Grand Army post have honored the noble memory

of the first lieutenant (who received his death blow at Fort Wagner) by naming their organization the John H. Worcester.

The following fact depicts the character of Lieutenant Farley and his Hollis soldiers: Just before that miserably directed and disastrous battle of Olustee, Florida, where Lieutenant Farley was mortally wounded, he was ordered to detail several men from his command for skirmish duty. The lieutenant stated the case to his company, saying that rather than select them, he would ask those willing to accompany him to come forward. Every man stepped out from the ranks.

Witch Brook.

Realizing that intellectual as well as physical life must be nourished, in 1799, the Rev. Daniel Emerson (then in his eighty-fourth year), the Rev. Eli Smith and their friends, with $1,000 as a capital and a nucleus of about two hundred books, founded the Hollis Social library. Since then, its capital has materially increased, and its stock of books to about forty-five hundred. For years a small tax was charged readers to pay the librarian, who kept the volumes in his house. From 1851, it has been domiciled in a room on the first floor of the church. Now the town votes $150 annually for its maintenance, making it free to the public. Upon Parson Emerson's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Levi Abbot, the mantle of his literary spirit must have fallen, for she and her husband have busied themselves in enriching this instructive mine.

Hand in hand with the cultivation of the soil and soul went that of the mind. The farmers were as willing to "Tithe the mint, anise and cumin," for educational as ministerial purposes, and the ministers, in their

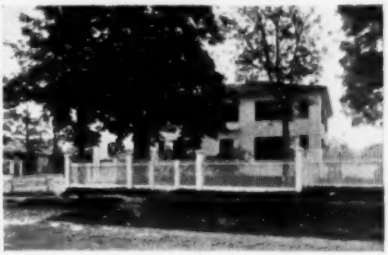
Residence of Noah Dow.

Residence of George D. Verder.

turn, have been very enthusiastic workers for the cause. It is claimed that during the first century of its existence, no other town of the same number of individuals could name so many college graduates. Between forty and fifty have entered the ministry, with a fine showing in other professions.

To delineate the lives of the celebrated would prove impossible, for such sketches would crowd other matter entirely out of this magazine. The selection is so perplexing that we finally leave them all to charm and beautify their own little world, with the exception of one type of them all,—Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D. In his tenth year he came to Hollis with his parents. During his youth he sought all available opportunities for cultivation, but he aided his father at home on the farm until his majority, when he finished his preparation for the sophomore class in Yale college. One may wonder why a young man of his calibre waited until he was twenty-one before he started out in life, and we think it was because his assistance was needed at home, and he saw the necessity for labor. To care for and educate a family of fifteen children on a New England farm, and to send seven sons to college, was no light task for the legicographer's father. Dr. Worcester's works, especially his dictionary, are his best biographies.

Very early in its history, the town gladly conformed to the old Colonial law of 1719, by providing an instructor to teach the children to read and write, and establishing a grammar school, employing as the first master, Parson Emerson, as a "discreet person of good conversation well established in the tongues." The es-



Residence of Levi Abbot.

teem in which Mr. Emerson was held by the community is admirably shown in a letter sent to him by Governor Wentworth, when he placed his orphan nephew under his tutorship.

It had always been a cherished hope of the friends of education to be able to establish an academy or high school, and a number of meetings had been convened to consider the subject, but their wishes were not fulfilled until Miss Mary Farley at her decease, in 1875, left a fund for the support of one, provided a suitable building was erected. The town cheerfully acquiesced in her wish.

The universal use of intoxicants, which habit had been contracted during the hardships of the early wars, found its devotees here, as well as in

other places, but when the floodgates of temperance were opened, and the purifying waters of reformation swept over the land, it washed the hills and valleys of this territory very clean. Occasionally some one has fallen from grace, but a good home and manual labor have generally restored them to their equilibrium. The writer cannot recall ever seeing an intoxicated person in the place, an unpainted house, or one with an old hat for a window-pane. The temperance cause is still warmly supported by the W. C. T. U.

The town owns a very good three-storied engine house, which shelters an old-fashioned hand-machine. Considering it cheaper to pay for losses by fire than to purchase expensive fire apparatus to spoil by rust, the

Residence of Jackson Wheeler.

citizens, nearly half a century ago, obtained a charter for a fire insurance company. It is still alive and in good healthy condition, and its funds have never been embezzled.

There are some things to regret in Hollis, as there will be everywhere, until the millennium comes, and one is, its poor railroad facilities. When the Nashua & Worcester road was projected, the public-spirited and far-sighted portion of the inhabitants wished to have Hollis Centre included in the survey; the commissioners were willing to lay the rails to the ridge of hills near the Fox place, provided the town would invest $20,000 in stock. The non real estate owners, those who loved a dollar with a good deal of affection, and the distantly located settlers, outvoted the progressive element. So to-day the station stands three and a half miles from the old training-field, now designated as Hollis Common. Cars on the Nashu & Wilton road almost cast their shadows over the line, on the northeast corner and the Pepperell, Brookline & Milford road skirts the town on the southwest.

As a manufacturing place, it is scarcely a failure because little has been attempted. Coopering used to be the farmer's knitting-work, and it was often remarked, that all the Hollis folks were coopers, except their minister, and he hooped his own cider barrels. The trade is still carried on to some extent by Worcester Brothers. Proctor Brothers began the manufacture of casks, but transportation was so inconvenient that they moved to Nashua, where they are still doing business.

There have been, and are, many good musicians in town. Brass and strings bands have flourished, and numberless occasions have been

Home of the Hayden Family for Five Generations. Erected in 1760 on the Site of the Taylor Place.

brightened by the melody of their sweet strains.

An amusing anecdote is told of "Aunt" Hannah Worcester, who was once the first soprano in the choir. When she was married, to please her friends, she consented to

The Tenney Homestead for Six Generations. Erected in 1747.

have the ceremony performed one Sunday in church, where she had sung for over a quarter of a century. As the bridal pair walked up the aisle, the choir, wishing to honor the occasion, sang a favorite anthem, commencing with the words, "I waited patiently, I waited patiently for the Lord."

There have been hundreds of courting cases here, though very few cases in court. Disturbances of the public peace are almost unknown, due, in part, to the wise counsels of Benjamin M. Farley, Esq., a native and resident, who had "no superior at the Hillsborough bar."

Our order-loving ancestors put up a whipping-post and stocks, in accord with the old Provincial law. Offenders requiring the use of the "cat o' nine tails" were rare, even the four slaves owned in town submitted peacefully to the will of their amiable masters.

The physicians who have prasticed in town have made creditable records. In comfortable conveyances, over excellent roads, how different the life of a practitioner of 1898 compared to that of Col. John Hale, M. D., who was a celebrated surgeon in the Seven Years' War. On horseback, over poor highways, or "across lots," he often covered fifty miles a day, his medicine in his saddle-bags, and his clothing sometimes freezing to the saddle, as he rode through the darkness, cold, and sleet, on his errands of mercy. Little wonder that charges were made by the mile! What an item it must have been to Sewall Butterfield, the shoemaker of Butterfield hill, whose children numbered sixteen, to be considered by the doctors inside the one mile limit.

The fraternal orders are now represented by a lodge of Odd Fellows, a grange of Patrons of Husbandry, and an order of the Golden Cross. Papers have been preserved which show that there existed before the Battle of Lexington, a union of nearly one hun-

Gravestone of Doctor Jones in the O'd Cemetery.

dred young men, very similar to the Young Men's Christian Associations of the present day. Lyceums and public lectures, by persons of distinction, have frequently entertained hundreds of listeners during the long winter evenings. Dramatic clubs, singing and dancing schools have had

their followers, while the young people have enjoyed quiet frolics at parties, spelling-schools, sleigh-rides, corn-huskings, and apple-bees.

Like hundreds of other places, Hollis had her tithing men, field drivers, hog- and deer-reeves. In the houses were found foot stoves, hand looms, spinning wheels, tin bakers, and other appurtenances of by-gone days.

After the old wars were over, many children were left fatherless, wives, widows, and aged ones destitute. To provide for these, a large home was built for them on a farm in that district signalized as "Brimstone," from the color of the schoolhouse. When the town recovered from the devastations of the eighteenth century conflicts, there was only one dependent left in the poorhouse. Accordingly, the property was sold, and since then, other provision has been made for the worthy poor, or any suffering from a want of inertia.

There is not a word strong enough in the English language to express the despicableness of that act of the British, in 1779, when they sent through this community, persons infected with small-pox, in the guise of peddlers. Two hospitals were improvised in Hollis, and there were in one of them, at one time, over one hundred patients. Dr. John Hale was in charge of these, and it argues well for his ability, that there were only eight deaths from the scourge.

When liquor mellowed all occasions, and produce and merchandise were transported by teams, licenses were issued for several inns. These have become extinct. The floor of Mr. Hildreth's store shows where the bar stood, while directly overhead is the old dancing-room. The stranger within its gates can be cared for by the family that reside in this building, but a bona fide hotel does not exist.

The principal productions of this period, hay, fruit, and milk, efface those of Eighteen Hundred. Not that everything else is neglected—Yankees are too practical for that. Believing in a rotation of crops, every landholder still raises a "patch of corn," but hundreds of tons of grain are annually bought to feed the cows that furnish, nobody knows how many quarts of milk, or pounds of butter for Nashua and Boston. In a productive year, from twenty to thirty thousand barrels is very likely a low estimate of the quantity of apples grown on this soil, many of the first grade being shipped directly to Europe. Peaches come next on the scale, and then follow plums and pears.

To protect the feed and shelter the stock in this vicinity, requires either large buildings, or several of them, and one often sees capacious, up-to-date barns connected with the comfortable homes—barns capable of containing from seventy-five to one hundred tons of hay, also ample storage for other varieties of provender, and silos with an immense capacity for ensilage, besides stabling for the cattle and horses.

The geological formation is chiefly granite, cropping out in the northern part of the town into a ledge, which was successfully worked for many years.

In 1880 Hollis celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its birth. It was a gala day, and a

memorable occasion to those present. George A. Burge was president of the day, and the oration was by Hon. John H. Hardy.

A jocose, poetic character, who owned a home on the Amherst road, was Joseph Wheat. Here is a specimen of one of his rhymes:

"My advice to farmers all
Is—Pick your apples as they fall.
And if your cider's pure and sweet
Please buy your casks of Joseph Wheat."

He sold his place in 1796, and afterwards became one of the first stage drivers between Concord and Boston. This notice would indicate that advertising was in vogue.

"Come, my old Friends, and take a seat,
In this new Line with Joseph Wheat,
And when to your journey's end you 've come,
Your friend will treat with good old Rum."

His nose was very long, but, being of a humorous disposition, he always facetiously turned any remark in regard to it. Amherst was on his stage route at one time. Being complained of by the people that he did not announce his approach by the customary toot on a horn, he replied, in the Amherst *Cabinet* "that he was too poor to buy a tin horn, but that, in the future, when they should see his nose, they might expect the stage in ten minutes."

By whatever gateway one enters this town (except the Pepperell), he is apt to be disappointed. Even if previously informed, he finds it hard to believe that beyond lie hundreds of acres of arable lands, dotted over with orchards and shade trees, and, in summer, dressed in various shades of green. If over the Nashua road the threshold is crossed, Brimstone lies at the very door. Like all New England scenery, this is full of surprises, and as the elevation increases, delight is expressed at the well-tilled farms.

If approach is made from the railway station on the southwest the soil for some distance is rather poor for cultivation, but yields good timber. Twisting around, the highway crosses a brook called Beaver. How it acquired its name any Yankee can guess. The water from this small stream percolates the secluded marshes beyond, until they are like immense sponges. At night heavy mists arise giving to the section the name "Fog End." Now come lines of hills, not so difficult of ascent but that it pays to climb them, for at the summit broad landscapes are to be seen. There is nothing to mar the view. The sky is bright, only slightly flecked with fleecy clouds. The air is clear as crystal, and every corner and dale visible. To the west lie rugged mountain ranges, their harshness softened by distance. Upon a hillside a forest stands out in bold relief. In the foreground the pasture lands, the orchards, the cultivated fields, the brooks, and the commodious white dwellings give a tone of beauty to the scene.

If entry is made from the Nashua & Worcester railroad, pine woods are what the eye first discerns. The road winds by a zigzag way over the Nashua river and across a sandy plain. Then the grade gradually increases, the woods disappear, and the prospect expands, revealing farms to the right of you, farms to the left of you, farms in front of you, for miles in solid succession. Past two oak trees, the highway leads. Oaks upon whose

branches Indian papooses may have swung, so ancient are they supposed to be. Up another little incline, and there lies the farm settled by Ephraim Burge in 1762, now owned and occupied by his great grandson. The old apple trees nearest the wall are remnants of an orchard planted in the previous century. South of the house is an aged button wood. Though somewhat shorn of its limbs, it has withstood the buffeting of wind and storm for one hundred and twenty years. Beyond is a pear orchard, and here, as on other landed property, are rows of apple trees by the fences, and solitary ones in the open fields. The route continues on past the ancestral home of the celebrated Worcester family. Externally it remains much the same as in former days, but the interior has undergone pleasing modern improvements. The houses are near together now, but one cannot stop to take note of them. At the Common a delay is made, for antiquity and associations render this triangular piece of ground attractive to its former citizens.

"Hard by the Synagogue" stands a shaft of the best Concord granite, erected to the memory of the soldiers whose lives were given to their country. Directly behind the venerable church is the old cemetery, thickly strewn with graves. From the ancestors that lie here, many offshoots have become firmly established elsewhere.

In this old graveyard are headstones leaning as if burdened beneath the weight of long, quaint epitaphs, though many of them have a direct truthfulness. In a remote corner stands one with this inscription:

"Dr John Jones,
Died July 14, 1796, aet. 69.
In youth he was a scholar bright,
In learning he took great delight,
He was a Major's only son,
It was for love he was undone."

The age is undoubtedly wrong, as he had a strong aversion to having his real age known. Ninety would be nearer the figure.

This eccentric hermit had a wide reputation, especially in northern Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire. His spicy verses are still quoted; and as some one has remarked, they contain "scraps of fact, floating in seas of poetry." This strange man is reported to have been the son and heir of a wealthy English family. He was educated for the ministry, and had accepted a call to a parish in England, when his plans were frustrated by the death of his sweetheart, which seems, in a measure, to have eclipsed his unusually bright mind. He never kept his love affair a secret, but perpetuated it in a long doggerel commencing,

"Come all young people far and near,
A lamentation you shall hear
Of a young man and his True-Love
Whom he adored and prized above
All riches."

From the remainder of the poem it is inferred that his parents bitterly opposed his marriage with a young woman whose position in life they regarded beneath his. The girl's father, resenting the opposition, forbade Dr. Jones's visits. It so affected his fiancée that she became ill, and upon her deathbed sent for her lover. When he arrived she gave him the engagement rings, saying,

"Keep them for my sake
And always when these rings you see
Remember that I died for thee."

According to the ballad, this is what followed:

"Tears down his cheeks as fountains run,
He cried, 'Alas! I am undone.
No comfort ever shall I have,
While I go mourning to my grave.'"

There were three young men in Hollis whom he admired and called his adopted sons, and to whom his estate was willed. The rings still remain in the possession of one of the descendants. To Dr. Jones is due the credit of introducing throughout this region grafted fruit and Balm-of-Gilead trees. He used to wander about the country selling medicinal herbs, his "Liberty tea" (the dried leaves of juniper bushes), his rhymes, and superintending the grafting of fruit trees. He wore a long, black cloak and a mourning weed upon his broad-brimmed hat. On his arms hung two baskets,—one he called his pity, and the other his charity, basket. His "lone cottage" was not far from the residence of Jackson E. Wheeler. There was not any approach to it except by a cart path. The old cellar is still visible. Dr. Jones owned about four acres of land, and here he planted a nice orchard, and cultivated flowers, and a great variety of herbs. Being called upon to say grace at a second table, where he had been invited to dine, he gave thanks in these words,

"Cursed be the owls
That picked these fowls:
And left the bones
For Dr. Jones."

On another occasion at a farmhouse, he was told he could remain to dinner, provided he would compose an epitaph for the hostess. He wrote this couplet, saying he would compose another after the meal,

"Good old Sarah died of late,
And just arrived at Heaven's gate."

The food not being agreeable to the doctor's taste, as he left the house he added,

"Old Gabriel met her with a club
And knocked her back to Beelzebub!"

Many pages could be filled with his pithy, original sayings, but the foregoing will enable the reader to discern the peculiarities of this slightly demented being. His words and acts in this country have been dramatized and proved quite a taking play in localities where he was known, and where his keen wit used to cut like a razor, at gatherings or firesides at which he was present.

Leaving the old burial ground, which deals more with the past than the present, the road is followed, lined with horse chestnut trees, and search is made for the ponds, that lie scattered like gems at the foot of the hills far away. Turning to the right, the public way passes the original home of Deacon Samuel Goodhue, afterwards sold to, and enlarged by, Dr. Joseph F. Eastman and his heirs, of whom the present owner, Dr. Frank Bell, is one. Within a stone's throw is the abiding-place of the descendants of Daniel Hale, who, in 1800, bought the property of Moses Smith.

It is an ideal day, a gentle breeze stirs the air, and against the deep blue of the sky, the dark green woods are massed beyond Long Pond hill. Below is one of Nature's reflectors, Long pond, a favorite resort for pleasure parties. On a little brook to the right of the pond, is an old gristmill, silent as the former owner, who rests from his earthly labors.

If the brook is followed it finds an outlet in a large, lily-covered pond known as Duncklee's. Here stands a sawmill, while the surplus water wanders on until it reaches a still larger pond, which bears the name of the Indian tribe that fished upon it, Pennichuck, and from which Nashua obtains her water supply.

Emerging by a cart-way and following the Merrimack highway towards Hollis, one arrives at the settlement known as Patch's Corner. Here the eye sweeps over an undulating landscape covered with productive fields and pleasant homes, about which there is a peculiar quiet, characteristic of places far from the noisy world.

Turning north again in the direction of Milford the brook is found, which, tradition says, was thought by two of the king's surveyors, to be bewitched, because, having lost their way, they tried to follow the stream to its mouth, but could not determine which way it ran. No wonder, for if there ever was a lazy, crooked, crazy, little rivulet, this is one. Its surface often mirrors the plants and bushes along its banks, while here and there the sunlight falls in bright patches on it, as it winds through an open meadow. Then for long stretches it creeps over the mossy roots of old trees that meet overhead. But its cold, sparkling waters have been harnessed and made to work. Near its source, in 1742, Moses Sanders built a sawmill, the first in Hollis. The old stone dam and some of the timbers still remain in fair condition. On the site now owned and occupied by Hayden Brothers, one of their ancestors sawed the lumber for the church put up in 1804. This brook and its tributaries have seen the time when they had to furnish power for many mills, and they still keep three buzzing. The general lay of the land is such that no one picture can give a fair idea of the extent and beauty of the scenery along its course to the Merrimack river.

Taking a southwesterly direction the scenery becomes wild, but never bold; romantic, but never weird. The way is through forests of pine that always seem chanting soft music to the neighboring trees of birch, maple, chestnut, hemlock, and oak. Occasionally on some pretty spot a house, with its coat of white paint, and green blinds, peeps out brightly from the surrounding foliage. Turning from the Brookline road down a woodland alley, strewn with granite bowlders, the swish-swash of waves on a pebbly shore assures one that Rocky pond is near at hand. Three miles to the southeast Hollis church spire is visible, and by a circuitous ride the goal is reached. Most of the way is through an uninhabited tract interspersed with pastures and woodlands, brightened by an undergrowth of lovely mountain laurel.

The monarchs of the primeval forests vanished long ago, as have some of the sawmills that made such ravages among them. Here we search for the site of Stephen Lund's old home—that Stephen Lund of whom the story is told that his wife having died he mentally selected a woman whom he thought would be a suitable person to act in the capacity of Number Two. Without wasting time in courtship, he called upon the lady and stated his case: "I am a widower, and I have nine children (just

Roger Williams's number), there is not a poorer house in town than mine. I am several hundred dollars in debt. My children are as ugly and unruly as children in general. My wife will be obliged to work hard and will enjoy few luxuries. Now will you marry me?" She married him, and is said to have "filled the bill" to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

Like a child eating candy, the best has been saved until the last, and that is the drive from the Centre to Pepperell, and the towns beyond. Starting in front of the High school grounds the first house that is passed is that of the Abbots, and is supposed to stand on confiscated Tory soil. Many other residences entitled to merit line this excellent street (as hard as granite can make it), but want of room precludes mention of them. There is a bewitching look to Lover's lane, a romantic by-way (redolent of the odor of the wild-woods) which leads to an outlying farm, back of the home of Charles M. Stratton. This property of Mr. Stratton's was originally owned by Col. Samuel Hobart, who was treasurer and register of deeds for Hillsborough county. Having contracted to furnish gunpowder for the state he removed to Exeter. In 1801, the place passed into the hands of Dr. Benoni Cutter, and continued in the possession of his heirs until 1885.

Casting one's glance back, at the top of Butterfield hill, the scene observed through the light of an early summer's day is delightful. The earth is covered with soft emerald verdure, and there is a marvelous serenity about the town which makes it seem as if it must be an Utopian abode. No prettier or more conspicuous location is to be found in this section than the hillside where sleep those whose lifework is finished.

As the panorama unfolds, the country beyond stretches away for miles beneath our gaze. It is a splendid outlook to the south. So harmonious is the background that it forms a charming setting for the hills, valleys, towns, and cities that intervene between Ashby, Lunenburg, and Westford. If any one thinks this an exaggeration, go stand on the summit of the hill where Mr. John Coburn lived to the good old age of ninety-six years, and may be you will think this description meager. The shade trees by the roadside are often magnificent elms, and one forgets worldly cares as he goes up and down the low hills and through the quiet glens until to the west, grand old Monadnock lifts its head, looking blue and defiant, but warmed a little by the ranges of hills that lie like sea waves between.

Vistas of fine estates lie farther on, among them the summer home of the Prescotts, descendants of Col. William Prescott of Bunker Hill, and William H. Prescott, the historian. But the limit is reached, beyond is Massachusetts territory, and as Kipling says, "That's another story."

DOROTHY'S CHOICE.

By Fred Myron Colby.

AN old square house overlooking Long Island Sound, the chimneys tall and huge, and the roof opening into dormer windows so small and so numerous that each side resembled the portholes of a battery. There was the great door of solid oak paneling, with its huge, brazen knocker cast to imitate a lion's head. And there was the long hall, sixteen feet across, with the Mosaic floor covered with tiger skins (brought from India by Captain Rathburn himself), the deer antlers above the door, and the heavy mahogany chairs, while on either side wide doors opened into the square parlor and the "living room," each glorying in its broad fireplace and its great beams and its wide, rich paneling.

In the kitchen of this mansion, whose sanded floor was as white as was ever Mrs. Scudder's, and where a tall, eight-day clock ticked away in the corner and told off the hours and the phases of the moon with the greatest regularity and precision, there stood spinning, something more than a hundred years ago, a young girl. The warm sun of the November afternoon streamed through the windows upon her fair and dainty face, with its dark, gray eyes and proud, sensitive lips; upon the golden hair, that she wore brushed back from her forehead and piled upon the crown of her head after the most approved fashion; and upon the tall, willowy figure dressed in a skirt of India chintz and a striped Jacconet short gown.

This girl was Dorothy Rathburn, the only child of rich Captain Rathburn, and by all odds the handsomest girl of the seaside town—so avowed, at least, by the French officers of Count Rochambeau's staff, who were mad over the Colonial belle, especially a certain Colonel le Marquis d'Alencourt, whose dark eyes had looked at her with unfathomable tenderness in their depths. And there was another young man, too, who thought Dorothy an angel, though he had never told her so, and who was quite jealous of the attentions of the gallant Frenchman. So here we have the old combination of a beautiful maiden and her two suitors, one of whom has wealth and rank to offer her, while the other can give her only a true and faithful heart. Which will she choose?

Perhaps Dorothy herself was considering this very question that afternoon, for her face was unusually grave and preoccupied, and the hazel eyes looked dreamily out through the window upon the French fleet in the harbor, as she stood and reeled off a skein of the white, soft woolen yarn. Did she see in a vision one of those white-winged vessels bearing her away across the seas to the ancient

chateau among the Norman woods and orchards which Marquis Henri had told her of as they sat in the garden arbor one summer night? It would be grand to reign there where the dames of the old *noblesse* had lived in their pride and loveliness—those stately ladies of the high sounding names—De Rohans, and Robencourts, and Beaumanoirs, who had fêted Richelieu and smiled on Montomorency and the great Condé; she knew that well enough, and yet she was not quite sure that she would go if he asked her.

The heavy knocker of the front door suddenly sounded its alarm, and a smiling domestic presently appeared, bearing a package securely wrapped in paper and tied with a silk thread.

"It was the marquis's aid duh kong, that funny little Frenchman," said the girl, and he said, "'Here is de geeft of the de Marquis d'Alencourt to de most bootiful mademoiselle Rathburn', and he bowed and waved his hands so funny that I could n't help laughing in his face."

"Why, Mary, that was rude," said Dorothy, as with a soft blush she unwrapped the parcel, displaying an elegant velvet casket. When this last was opened a carcanet of pearls was disclosed lying in a bed of azure silk and moss roses.

"Oh, how beautiful!" they both ejaculated, and Dorothy took very tenderly the magnificent bandeau and held it up between her eyes and the window.

"I wonder how much they are worth?" she asked, with true feminine curiosity.

"Oh, may be a hundred dollars," answered the domestic, to whom that sum seemed a fortune.

Dorothy smiled, but the smile soon faded in a graveness as she read a small billet-doux that she found underneath a fold of the lining of the jewel case. It was in the marquis's hand, and read as follows:

"DEAR MADEMOISELLE RATHBURN: Pray accept this bond of pearls and wear them to the ball to-morrow night for my sake. They are real pearls, and have graced the brows of marchionesses before now, but they never looked half so regal on them as they will on you. You will be a queen there, and I shall be your happy subject. The moss roses are for your breast.

"M. D'ALENCOURT."

Dorothy kept repeating the words "for my sake," and "your happy subject," to herself as she sat looking at the pearls long after Mary had left the room.

"I wonder if he really means it all," she thought. My "subject"—a great, rich marquis, a real French nobleman who had the blood of the De Rohans in his veins, the subject of a young American girl.

That was something to swell the heart of any girl with pride. But it did not swell Dorothy's. She was very grave, though her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shone like diamonds for brightness.

"How should I look, I wonder?" she said, placing the pearls upon her head and walking to a small mirror that hung upon the wall.

She looked indeed like a queen, and her neck curved unconsciously, and her head was balanced proudly as that of an empress as she saw the beautiful image reflected from the glass.

"So you are going to wear those, are you? Then you do not care for

me at all, Dorothy?" said the deep voice of a man that had a quiver of wounded pride in it.

"Why, how you frighten me, Robert Emery!" gasped Dorothy, glancing with a paling countenance at the tall, sturdy form and the jealous eyes of the newcomer. "How did you get in?"

"The back door was open, so I walked in that way," answered Robert. "I was going to ask you to go to the ball with me, but I see you are engaged."

"Yes, I am engaged, as you see," said Dorothy, the least bit angry at his air of injured condescension.

"And it's that Frenchman?" he continued, with ill-concealed disgust.

"The marquis is a gentleman, if he is a Frenchman," replied the girl. "He never insults a lady;" this with rising color in her cheeks and a flash of the hazel eyes.

"You can wear his pearls if you want to," he flouted out, and he threw a handful of China asters and bergamot at her feet and rushed away suddenly.

Dorothy sat down and cried after he had gone, but the tears ceased in a few moments, she stamped one of her small feet, and her lips formed into a pretty pout.

"Why did he speak to me so? I will wear the pearls now, anyway, to let him know that I don't care for what he says." But she carefully picked up and placed in a vase of water, for safe keeping, the late garden flowers that he had plucked and dropped at her feet.

The night of the ball arrived, and the beauty and élite of Newport were assembled in the stately rooms of the mansion which was Rochambeau's headquarters, for the party was given by the French commander, and almost everybody in the little Colonial town was honored by an invitation. The marquis's coach called for Dorothy at an early hour, and there was a murmur of admiration as she walked up the hall leaning upon his arm.

She was dressed in a white satin petticoat trimmed with lace, and over that a pale blue short gown, flowered with rosebuds and violets; her little feet were cased in high-heeled shoes, and over her shining hair she wore the string of pearls. The moss rosebuds she did not wear, but at her bosom was fastened a knot of asters and the green leaves of bergamot.

She danced her first minuet with d'Alencourt, and after the measure was over a crowd of admirers came up to claim her hand,—among them was Robert Emery.

"I see you wear my flowers," he whispered, nodding at the asters and bergamot. "By this token I claim your hand for the next dance."

"Mademoiselle Rathburn resembles a Parisian more than a flower of this wild country, do you not think so?" murmured the marquis, with a provoking smile, glancing at her bandeau of peals.

"She retains her American heart, I trust," answered Robert, who was quite ready to poignard the conceited Frenchman.

Dorothy glanced at him with a strange light in her eyes a light that he had never seen there before, and the young man felt his heart throb with a new hope. But his courage fell again when he saw the Frenchman, half an hour afterward, holding

a small handglass for her while she arranged her hair and replaced the band of shining pearls. He had no further opportunity of speaking to her, for she was constantly surrounded by a crowd of decorated foreigners to whom she seemed all attention.

"She does n't care anything for me, and I am a fool to think anything about her," were his thoughts. "And I do n't know as I can blame her for wanting to be a marchioness. She will shame them all in Europe."

He confessed this with a bitter heart, for he was forced to do so. Few indeed among the titled dames of the old world could match Dorothy Rathburn's loveliness. But that queenly beauty only carried her farther away from Robert Emery.

Later in the evening he wandered out of the crowded rooms into the shaded walks of the large garden. The broader avenues were lighted by hanging lanterns, but some of the smaller parts were dusky and shadowy. The more distant corners of the garden were quite dark. Robert wended his way to a small summer house that was completely covered with trailing vines, and throwing himself upon a rustic seat buried his face in his hands.

He had not long been seated when there was the rustle of silken skirts along the gravelly walk, and presently two figures paused at the entrance of the arbor. It was not so dark but that he could see who the newcomers were, and every word of their low, whispered voices came distinctly to his ears.

"Dear mademoiselle," the marquis was saying, in his smooth, plausible tone, "you have made me so happy by wearing my pearls. Do you know that you are the most beautiful woman in the world? My chateau would be graced by such a sovereign. You have only to say it, and you shall be Marchioness d'Alencourt."

But Dorothy did not say the word; the graceful head was bent in thought, the dark hazel eyes were half closed under their drooping lashes.

"Why do you not speak, mademoiselle? Why do you not answer?" the marquis went on. "You know that I love you, and life in *la belle* Normandy will be so happy."

"Monsieur Marquis," said Dorothy at last, "Americans have the old-fashioned habit of never marrying unless they are in love, and I do not—"

"You do not love me? Impossible!" cried the marquis quickly. "You must love me. Why, you are the only woman I ever loved. It would break my heart to have you refuse me."

"I should not like to do that, but I do not love you," answered Dorothy, quietly. "I did not know once but but that I might, but I know my own heart now."

"What has changed you, mademoiselle?"

"Do not ask me. I would not pain you, but I can never be your wife."

"But my chateau is pleasant and grand, and you would queen it so royally. Oh, mademoiselle, you shall have everything you ask for, and wear pearls and diamonds all your life."

"I cannot, cannot listen," cried Dorothy, with rising dignity. "I must follow the dictates of my own heart. Even pearls and diamonds

could not make me happy with a man I did not love."

The Frenchman threw himself at her feet with an impassioned gesture.

"O Mademoiselle, your words kill me! I—"

Dorothy touched him with her hand.

"Rise, Monsieur, further words are useless. I cannot marry you. Here, take your pearls, I will not wear them longer. I have been miserable ever since I put them on. Hush! some one is coming. Leave me, I will remain a moment here."

She motioned him away, and then stepped within the arbor.

"Dorothy," whispered a voice. She drew back startled, but a pair of strong arms enfolded her, and a gentle voice soothed her.

"Dorothy, it is I, Robert Emery. O Dorothy, pardon me, but was it for another love that you refused the Frenchman?"

"O Robert! and you heard it all!" and she started from him.

But he was inexorable. "Dorothy, I love you. Do you refuse me as you did the marquis?"

"No, for I love you, Robert." The proud head rested on his bosom now.

"You saved my flowers," said the happy lover, caressing the bunch she wore on her breast. "But you were so proud and cold that day! Why were you so distant?"

"Robert, I did not know my own heart. Besides," she whispered, with an arch look and a winning smile, "you had never told me that you loved me."

He bent and kissed her.

"I have told you now, and you do not doubt me?"

"Never, Robert; my own heart tells me it is true."

"And the pearls, and the chateau in old Normandy, Dorothy?"

"Ah, Robert, they *were* a temptation, but I think we shall be quite happy without them."

And I am quite sure that if the marquis could have seen them in after years, even he could not have doubted their happiness.

TRUST.

By F. H. Noyes.

Who knows what sadness or what aching void of heart
  Is her's, or counts her tear-drops in the autumn rain;
Or dreams, amid the thousand hue of leaves that fold
  In death her fairest born, of that great mother's pain?
For, wiser she than mortal grieving for his own
  Who sleep, no sable grief does stricken Nature show;
But robed in purest white her silent children waits,
  And they in chastened beauty wake when melts the snow.

NECROLOGY

GEORGE A. ALLISON.

George A. Allison was born in Warner, September 14, 1843, and died in North Cambridge, Mass., January 20. From 1859 until 1864, he was in business at Concord, and then removed to Boston, where he became a member of the firm of C. B. Poor & Co., wholesale drug and paint dealers. This relation continued until 1878, when he went into the flour business, in which he has since continued. He was at one time a member of the common council of Cambridge, and was also an alderman and member of the school board in the same city.

MRS. ISABELLE HIGBEE.

Mrs. Isabelle Higbee, wife of Lieutenant Commander J. H. Higbee, U. S. M. C., died at Brooklyn Navy Yard, January 20. She was a native of Portsmouth, and was fifty-five years of age.

BENJAMIN F. PALMER.

Benjamin F. Palmer, a native of Dover, died in Manchester, January 13, that day being also the sixty-third anniversary of his birth. In 1856, in company with his fathers and brothers, he began, at Concord, the publication of the *Democratic Standard*, which was continued until August, 1861, when the office of the newspaper was raided by a mob of infuriated soldiers, who were provoked to this action by the extreme virulence of the paper's editorial comment upon the conduct of the war, the moving cause of the attack being an exceptionally bitter article which the paper printed concerning Colonel Mason W. Tappan's regiment, which had just then returned from its three months' enlistment. The Palmers were secreted in the old state prison to protect them from the mob. Benjamin continued to live in Concord until 1886; since then his home has been in Manchester.

HERBERT W. EASTMAN.

Herbert W. Eastman, secretary of the Manchester board of trade, died in that city January 10. He was forty-one years of age, and was at one time city editor of the *Manchester Union*. In 1886, in company with Frank H. Challis, he established the *Daily Press* in Manchester, and remained with that paper until 1891, when he was chosen to the position which he held at the time of his death. He was at one time president of the Manchester Press club, and he had a host of friends thoughout the state. In his own city he was recognized and esteemed as an earnest, practical worker for the good of the community.

EDWARD A. FERGUSON.

Edward A. Ferguson, for twenty-five years foreman of the Boston & Maine Railroad repair shops in Portsmouth, died in that city January 6, aged about sixty years.

JOHN C. HANCOCK.

John C. Hancock, a lineal descendant of John Hancock, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, died in Brooklyn, January 4. He was born in Franklin, and had lived in Brooklyn about five years. He was seventy years old, and up to the time when he came to Brooklyn he was actively engaged in the building business in Concord. Mr. Hancock's daughter, Lizzie Martha Weaver, was the compiler of a number of volumes of the town papers of New Hampshire. She died a year ago. His wife was a descendant of Governer Winthrop of Massachusetts.

HON. JOHN C. RAY.

The Hon. John C. Ray, who, since 1874, has been superintendent of the state Industrial school at Manchester, died at that institution, January 23. Mr. Ray was born in Hopkinton seventy-three years ago. He lived in Dunbarton from childhood until 1874, and when he was barely past the legal age was sent by that town to the legislature. He also filled all the town offices. In 1893–'94, he was a member of the governor's council. As manager of the Industrial school Mr. Ray made an enviable record and was not less successful in private business affairs.

JAMES RYAN, JR.

James Ryan, Jr., postmaster at Dover, died in that city January 23, aged thirty-seven years. He was born in Dover, and when a lad worked in the mills of that city. By his own exertions he was enabled to attend Berwick academy, where he graduated; he afterward read law and was admitted to the bar. He was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland.

HON. WILLIAM HASELTINE.

The Hon. William Haseltine died at Suncook, December 18, 1897. He was the oldest person in town, and was born in Pembroke, October 9, 1809. He fitted for college at Pembroke academy and was graduated at Dartmouth in 1835. Out of a class of over fifty only two members survive him. After leaving college his attention was turned to law, one year being spent in the office of Daniel Webster. A number of town offices were held by him, both in Pembroke and Allenstown, he serving each town as selectman and in other positions. He also represented the town of Pembroke in the legislature of 1854–'55. In 1862, he was justice of the Pembroke police court, which position he resigned after a service of eight years. For many years he was president of the board of trustees of the Methodist church, also president of the board of trustees of Pembroke academy, holding the office at the time of his death.

IRA WHITCHER.

Ira Whitcher died in Woodsville, December 9, 1897, aged eighty years. He was born in Benton, and was one of the best known men in the state. He was a member of the legislature for eight terms, served six years as county commissioner, sat in the constitutional convention of 1860, and was one of the commission to rebuild the state house in 1864. He was noted for his benefactions, among them being the building of a free library for the village of Woodsville.

JAMES FREEMAN ROGERS.

James Freeman Rogers, a native of Langdon, died in Jamaica Plain, Mass., December 18, 1897. He was born July 20, 1852. He served in the Fifth New Hampshire regiment during the war, and had lived in Massachusetts since 1863. He organized and was superintendent of the Jamaica Plain Gaslight Co., and since 1875 had been district call chief of the Boston fire department.

FRED A. BARKER.

Fred A. Barker, postmaster at Keene, died in that city January 23. He was born in Westmoreland, September 16, 1835. He was prominent in politics and served on Governor Weston's staff in 1871. During President Cleveland's first term Colonel Barker was United States marshal for the district of New Hampshire.

DANIEL K. FOSTER.

Daniel K. Foster, a native of Chichester, died at Concord, December 13, 1897, aged seventy years. He was an exceptionally fine linguist and for many years was principal of the academy at Pittsfield. Since 1891 he had been employed at the state house indexing the records in the office of the secretary of state.

FOX POINT, GREAT BAY.